

MAY 12, 1883

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 702.—VOL. XXVII.

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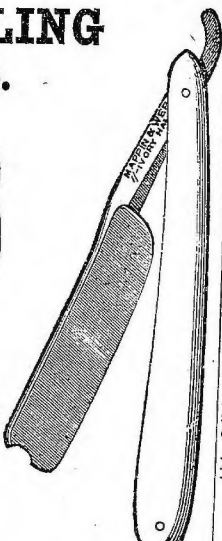
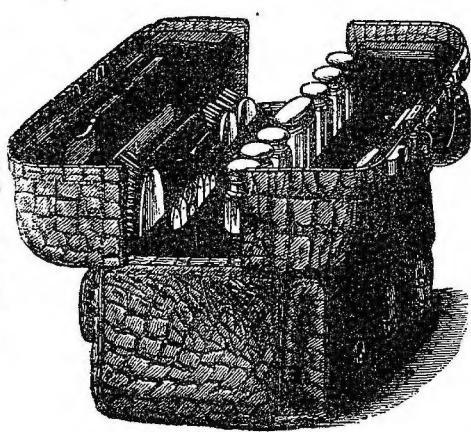
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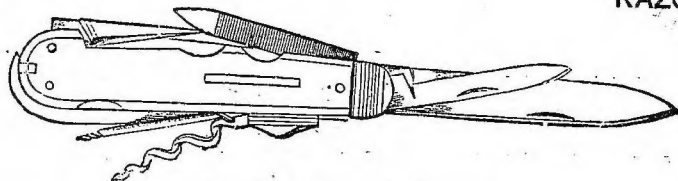
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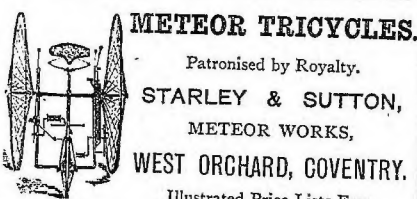
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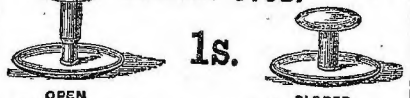
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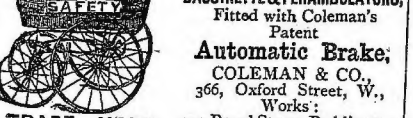
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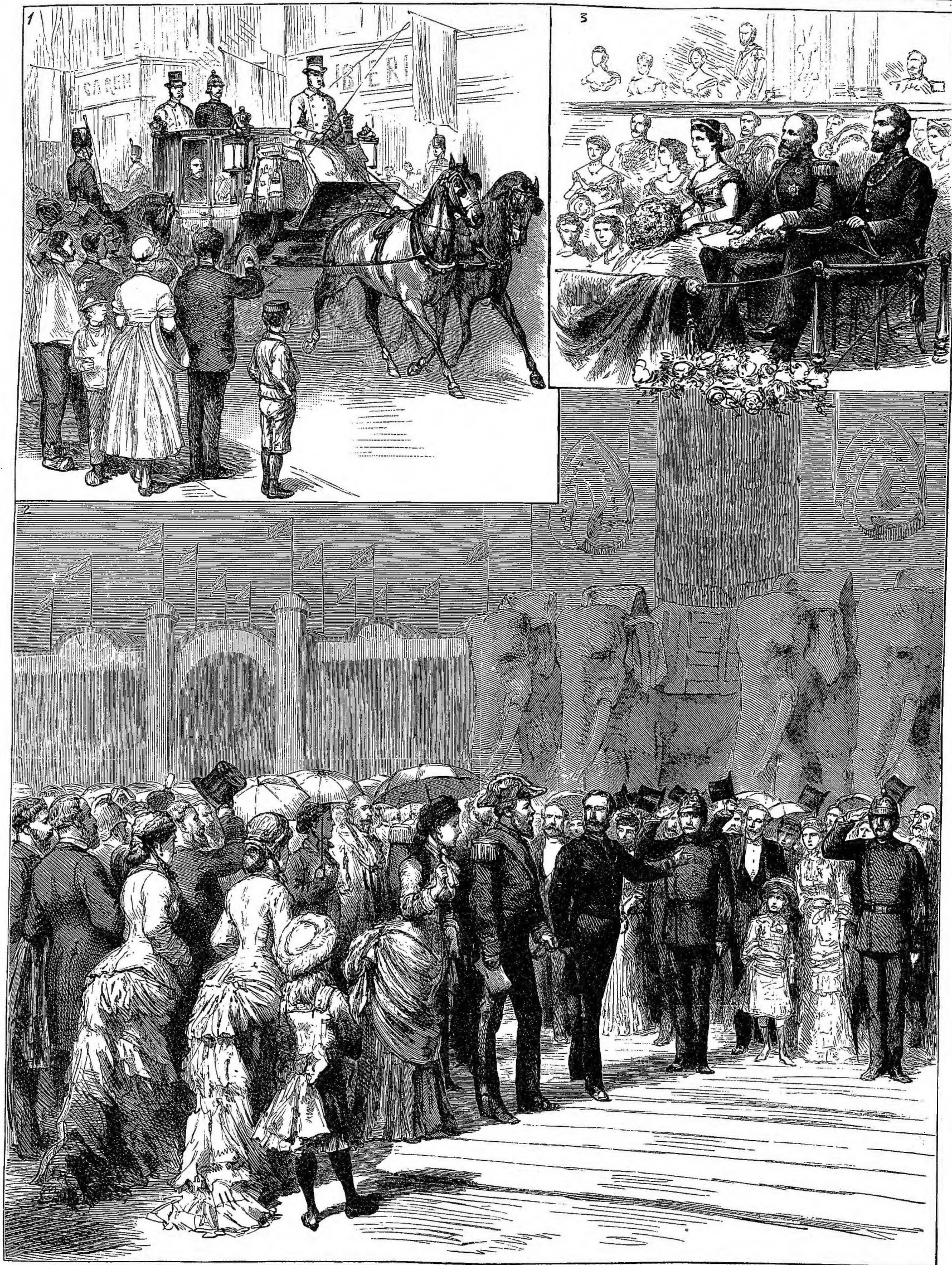
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 702.—VOL. XXVII.
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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883

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1. The King and Queen Going to the Exhibition.—2. The Royal Party Entering the Exhibition.—3. The Royal Box at the Gala Performance at the Park Theatre.
THE OPENING OF THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS

Topics of the Week

CONSERVATIVES AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The Conservatives seem to be very confident that their prospects are improving, but it may be doubted whether their position is quite so good as they suppose. It is true that the Government have been to some extent injured by the rejection of the Affirmation Bill, and that they have at different times offended both their Whig and their Radical supporters. Still it does not follow that, if there was a Dissolution, the Conservatives would secure a majority. They are disposed to believe that the conditions of the struggle would be essentially the same as those of 1874; but the differences between "then" and "now" are at least as remarkable as the resemblances. In the first place, the Tories have now no Mr. Disraeli to plead their cause. Lord Salisbury is an able man, and Sir Stafford Northcote commands general respect; but they have too much good sense to think that either singly or combined they exercise anything like so strong an influence over the country as their late chief. Whether his ideas were right or wrong, Mr. Disraeli always had a definite policy; and he knew how to express it in a manner likely to touch the popular imagination. His successors, on the contrary, generally consider that they do enough when they say "No" to the Government's "Yes"—an achievement which is not very difficult, and which certainly does not arouse much enthusiasm. Moreover, it must be remembered that in 1874 the Dissenters were thoroughly alienated from the Liberal party, whereas they are at present its most ardent adherents. On the whole, then, Liberals are probably justified in holding that the chances of their opponents are not very good. Conservatives can only console themselves by reflecting that, if Mr. Gladstone still represents the most powerful political force in the country, he represents it in a way which cannot be satisfactory to his followers. He promises great things, but somehow he rarely manages to accomplish any of them.

OUR NAVY.—The discussion which annually takes place when the Naval Estimates are brought forward resembles a tournament rather than a real battle, or it might be still more correctly described as a prearranged disputation. Lord Henry Lennox plays the part of the *advocatus diaboli*, and points out all the defects and shortcomings of the Navy, while Sir Thomas Brassey and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman make the best defence they can to these accusations. The public are well aware that each set of politicians are equally anxious to maintain the efficiency of the Navy, and therefore they are chiefly interested in discovering on which side the preponderance of truth inclines. In other words, was Lord Henry Lennox justified in his strictures? He asserted that, whereas formerly the British Navy might singly be matched against the combined fleets of all the other European Powers, France alone was now rapidly shooting ahead of us, and was building ironclads at such a pace that before long she would have a stronger navy than our own. The Ministerial reply to this charge was that Lord Henry's figures were fallacious, and that the mere enumeration of ships and their tonnage, without the consideration of other points, was a misleading method of estimating the strength of a modern fleet. It was further shown, too, that the existing French activity was due to the fact that a number of their wooden armoured ships had become obsolete. Altogether, the Admiralty made a satisfactory defence; but, at the same time, our naval administration cannot be watched too carefully and vigilantly. We can never expect to regain the naval supremacy which we possessed during the later years of the great French War. All the modern discoveries are against us. Steam, armour, monster guns, torpedoes, all these things tend to neutralise the value of the sailorlike qualities which formerly won us so many victories. It is significant that now, as eighty years ago, France is still the Power we dread. And just at present there is especial reason for this uneasiness since France has embarked on a policy of colonial adventure. At half-a-dozen different points our supposed interests may clash, and then a spark may cause a conflagration.

CRITICS AT ODDS.—The profession of Art-criticism, according to one of the most distinguished intellectual authorities in England, is the lowest depth to which a man can descend. This is a hard saying, but the arrangements of the Royal Academy do nothing to aid the Art-critic in his efforts to rise from his lowly estate. A crowd of educated ladies and gentlemen are allowed some eight hours, at the Press view, in which to study and appreciate about two thousand works of Art. When the reports of these hasty spies into the Promised Land of Beauty are printed, we find that critics disagree, and no wonder, about the most ordinary matters of fact. Take Mr. Orchardson's fine picture of "Voltaire at the Duc de Sully's." The *Times* finds vast variety of expression in the faces of the guests. Two other free and independent critics find no variety at all. In Mr. Dicksee's "Five Virgins," the critics are actually not at one as to whether these poor young women are "wise" or "foolish" maidens. No two are unanimous about Mr. Millais' "Grey Lady." Is she a ghost, is she a somnambulist, is she a Psychical Researcher, or is she "her frolic

Grace, Fitz-Fulke?" It must be irritating to artists to have their points misunderstood; but, in the hurry of a Press view, there is little time for close inspection or serious speculation over enigmas in oil colours.

CROWN RIGHTS AND THE PUBLIC.—Mr. Jesse Collings has been severely blamed for occupying so much of the time of the House of Commons on Tuesday evening with a question which immediately concerned only a small provincial town. It is certainly odd that the usual course of business should have been interrupted by a member who has made himself prominent by the suggestion that Government should not prorogue Parliament until all the measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech have been disposed of. Mr. Collings was, however, quite right; for the question raised by him involved principles of great importance. It is not very long since rights of the Crown which represented saleable property were administered without much regard to public convenience. The nation has now a very definite idea of the obligations of the Government with respect to such rights; and it is astonishing that Mr. Dodson should have failed to understand the overwhelming tendency of opinion in the matter. If Crown rights such as those in question at Southport are to be sold, the public ought at least to have the first chance of purchasing them; and we may be tolerably sure that, after the discussion raised by Mr. Collings, this is not likely to be forgotten hereafter by any member either of a Liberal or of a Conservative Government. The growth of popular conviction and sentiment about matters of this sort has some connection, perhaps, with the movement regarding common lands. Even now there are landowners who do not scruple to enclose common lands if they can hope to do so without being called to account; but these depredations are becoming more and more difficult. The sale of Crown rights in land to a private individual, when they might be of service to the community, should be regarded as an offence of a like kind; although, of course, it must be admitted that it springs merely from an error of judgment.

FENIANS AT SEA.—Should there prove to be any truth in the report that the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is threatened by Fenian cruisers armed with torpedoes, it recalls the phenomenon of the mutineer fleet which rode in Spanish waters during the revolutionary troubles which followed the resignation of King Amadeus. The Fenians—we hope we are not maligning that respectable organisation by attributing to them designs of which possibly they do not approve—the Fenians cannot hurt the British Empire very vitally by their filibustering attempts, but they may destroy valuable property and sacrifice innocent lives, and even the mere rumour of such aims causes a great deal of anxiety and extra work to soldiers, sailors, policemen, and other officials. To this the Fenians, always presuming that they who do these things are Fenians, may reply, "That is just what we want. We don't want to kill anybody, especially people who have done us no harm, if we can help it. *Force majeure*, nevertheless, may compel us occasionally to sacrifice life. Our main object, however, is to worry and terrify John Bull, until he, through his trusted adviser Mr. Gladstone, gives us at least something of what we want. That right honourable old patriarch has already publicly avowed that he is impressed by the sort of arguments which we use, Clerkenwell explosions, Manchester police murders, and the like, therefore we mean to keep the game up." This does not hold out a very cheerful prospect for poor John Bull, whose hope, however, must be, that Mr. Gladstone has at last seen the error of his previous ways and will henceforward make no concession to outrage-mongers. Lord Salisbury made an effective point when he remarked at the Knightsbridge banquet that the concessions of the Government to the Transvaal Boers "had impressed deeply upon the world a belief that before a firm front they would always yield." As for the Americans, they might, if they chose, smoke out the hornets' nest which has settled in their midst, and which may end by stinging themselves. But what between fear of losing the Irish vote at the elections, and the old traditional animus against England, it is very doubtful if the United States Government will venture to give us open and avowed assistance. General Grant's outspoken speech at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner may possibly exercise a wholesome effect on his countrymen, but it must be admitted that our behaviour towards the persons who were alleged to be conspiring against the late Emperor of the French affords the Americans excellent precedents for inaction.

TOWN AND GOWN.—By way of displaying their undoubted loyalty, the younger spirits of Oxford, undergraduates and tradesmen, have been welcoming the Prince of Wales with a "Town and Gown" row. The old institution of Town and Gown was at its best in the Middle Ages, when daggers, quarter staves, and bows and arrows were freely employed. On one occasion the Town, defeated and perhaps outnumbered (if there really were thirty thousand undergraduates in those days), called on the country people from Cowley and the neighbourhood, and defeated the scholars. Little blood has lately been shed, even on Fifth of November nights, though a B.N.C. man was kicked to death by the roughs some twenty years ago. In the late display of harmonious feeling at Oxford, the Gown, mustering several hundred, paraded the streets, and, greatly daring, lost many of their hats. When the Gown is in earnest the Town mainly confines itself to missile weapons, such as stones,

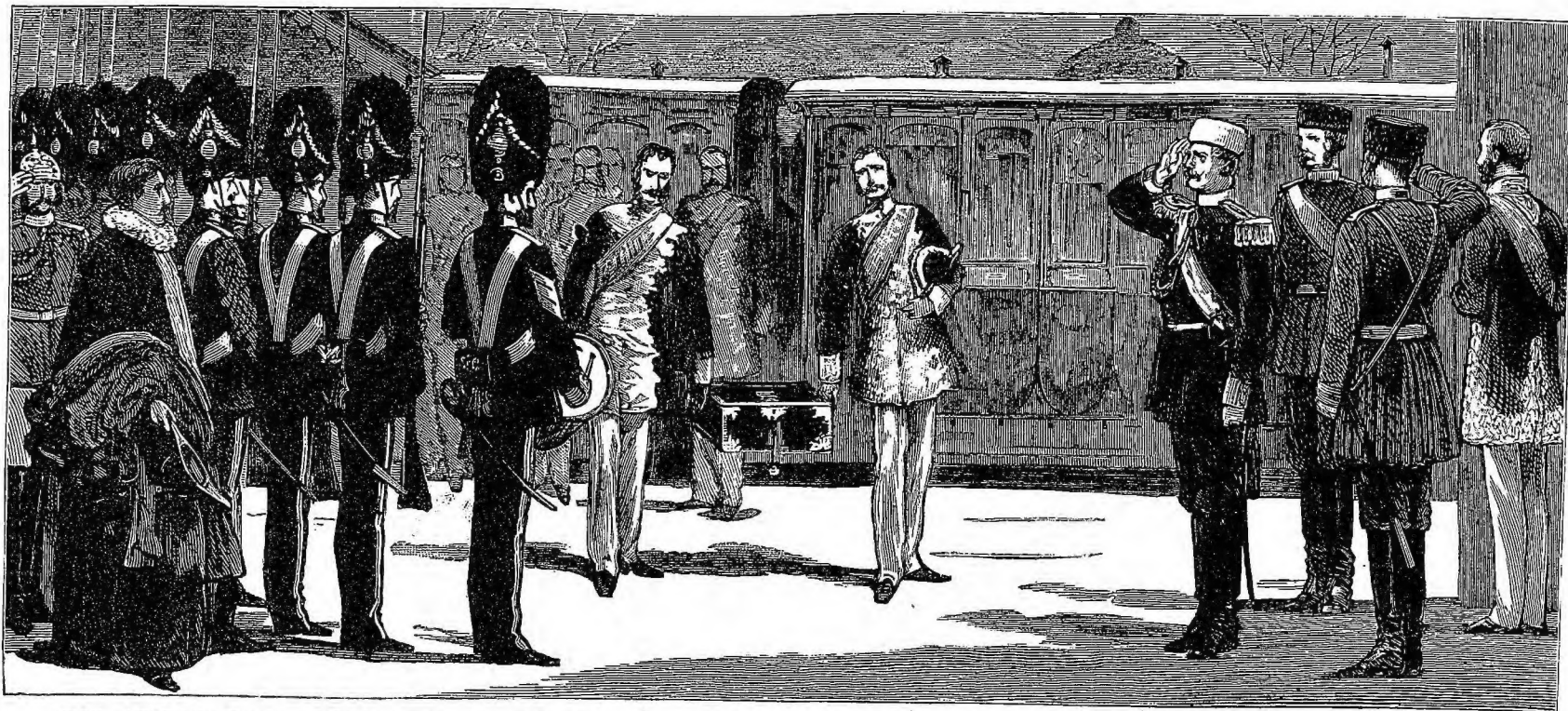
unless a crowd of "cads" and tradesmen's boys can get hold of one lost and lonely reading man. On him they avenge "the sorrows of their line," whatever those may be. But the late Town and Gown row was only profitable to hatters. By a curious coincidence hats were not only lost, but also, in one case, found where they were least expected.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.—In his foreign policy Prince Bismarck has never failed in any important scheme he has undertaken; but at home he scarcely knows what it is to succeed. During the last few months he has been particularly unfortunate. He was most anxious to establish the system of biennial budgets, but the Reichstag refused to resign its power of controlling the national expenditure once a year. Hoping that the word of the Emperor would have some effect, he issued the famous Imperial Message, in which Parliament was asked, without committing itself to any general principle, to pass the Estimates for 1884-85 nearly a year before the proper time. This request, too, has been politely declined. And now—to complete the Chancellor's sorrows—the Accident Insurance Bill, which was to do so much to pacify the Socialists, has been robbed of its Socialistic elements by the Select Committee to which it was referred. The truth is that the whole tendency of Prince Bismarck's policy is opposed to the fundamental principles of Liberalism, which commands a majority in the Reichstag in consequence of the disputes of the Conservatives and the Clericals. The question of immediate interest in German politics is, Will Prince Bismarck be able to bring these two parties together, and by their means to checkmate the Liberals? Everything will depend upon the extent of his concessions to the Papacy. It is extremely doubtful whether he will find it possible to yield all, or nearly all, that the Clericals demand; so that the prospect before Germany may be one of complete deadlock in legislation—a very serious outlook indeed for a country in which there is much political and social discontent.

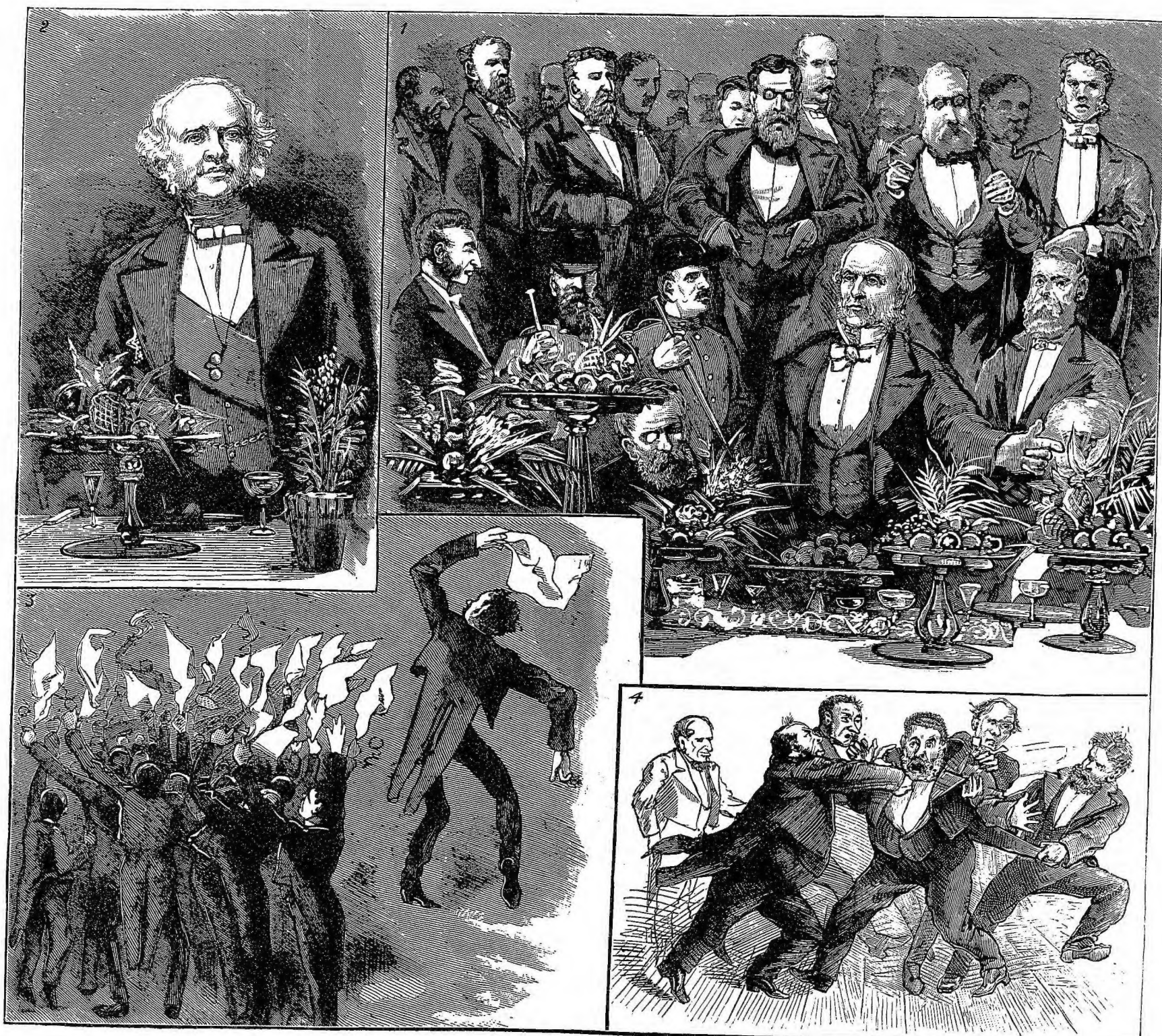
SUNDAY OPENING OF MUSEUMS.—That Lord Dunraven's motion was rejected in the House of Lords by a larger majority than on a previous occasion does not prove that the public have grown more hostile than they were to the opening of museums and picture galleries. The phenomenon is simply due to the fact that Lord Shaftesbury worded his amendment so cleverly that few presumed friends of the working man could have the face to vote against it. His Lordship said, in effect—Leave Sunday as it now is, but open instead three week-day evenings. Lord Cairns very properly added a proviso that such evening opening should not take place until it was clearly shown that the safety of the buildings and their contents would not be endangered by fire. Even, however, if this extension be granted, it will not meet the wants of the average man of scant leisure who desires to visit such establishments. He would like to go, not on a week-day night, when he is tired with his work, but in the day-time on Sunday, when he has plenty of leisure, and when he is often prevented by bad weather from taking a walk for walking's sake. The sternest Sabbatarian would perhaps hesitate to assert that a man is better employed on Sundays in drinking a glass of neat gin than in looking at a (possibly) secular picture. Yet the Legislature offers every facility for the former indulgence, while it forbids the latter. At the same time it must be admitted that among the working classes themselves there is a considerable divergence of opinion, as is shown by the opposite sides taken by two representative men, Messrs. Broadhurst and Burt; and until something approaching unanimity on this subject prevails, we may, like Lord Granville, give a personal approval to Sunday opening while hesitating to countenance any change in the law.

ORGANS IN SCOTTISH CHURCHES.—The Assembly of the Free Church—which, like that of the Established Church of Scotland, meets once a year—usually comes together in a state of violent excitement about some impending revolution. Some years ago it was much exercised by the question of the "Sabbath;" then came the heresies of Mr. Robertson Smith; now the representative ministers and elders have to solve the momentous problem whether congregations shall be allowed, if they please, to use organs in public worship. This privilege is permitted in the Established Church and in the United Presbyterian Church; but hitherto, so far as the organ controversy is concerned, the Conservatives in the Free Church have been too powerful for the innovators. After all, Free Churchmen who oppose new methods of this kind are no worse than most Scots were a comparatively short time ago. Within living memory, there was nothing which the people of Scotland hated so much as any attempt to make religious services attractive. Such efforts were regarded as sure evidence of a carnal mind; and sometimes, even in the Established Church, small and harmless changes were denounced as "the work of the devil." For the origin of this strange fanaticism we must go back, of course, to the time when it was regarded as a matter of national honour as well as of conscience to renounce everything that seemed to have even a distant resemblance to the practices of "Prelacy" and "Popery." There are now in Scotland multitudes of men and women who, to the horror of pious Highland divines, care nothing about the ancient matters of dispute, and who see no reason why worship should cease to be devout because it ceases to be hideous.

THIS Hungarian magnate, formerly known as Count Batthyany, but who succeeded to higher honours some twelve years ago, had been long resident in England. He belonged to one of the most ancient families in Hungary. For the last forty-five years he had been connected with the English turf, and took a keen interest in all our sports and pastimes. In his early days he was well known in the hunting field, and often rode his own horses in their engagements. He raced purely for sport, and all who saw the well-known green jacket felt certain that, so far as the Prince was concerned, he would do his best to win. He was rather unlucky in his ventures till after 1862. We need not repeat these events, all carefully chronicled in the sporting columns of our contemporaries. Suffice here to say that in 1875 he won the Derby with Galopin, who afterwards retired to the stud, and sent forth descendants of renown. If Prince Batthyany, who was seized with a fit on the 25th ult. at the Grand Stand at Newmarket, dying shortly after, had lived three hours longer, he would have seen a son of Galopin, Galliard (Lord Falmouth's horse), win the Two Thousand Guineas. Another son of Galopin, Fulmen, belonging to Prince Batthyany, was a favourite for the coming Derby, but is now, of course, disqualified.

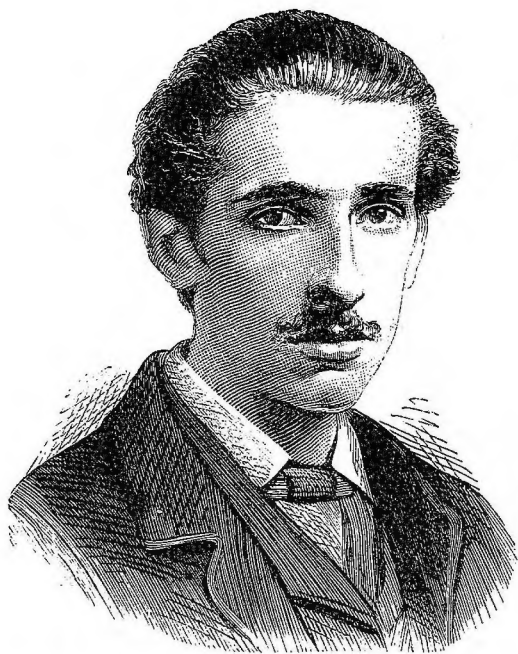


THE APPROACHING CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—THE RECEPTION OF THE IMPERIAL REGALIA AT MOSCOW



1. Mr. Gladstone Speaking.—2. Lord Granville Speaking.—3. Cheering Mr. Gladstone.—4. Ejecting an Intruder.

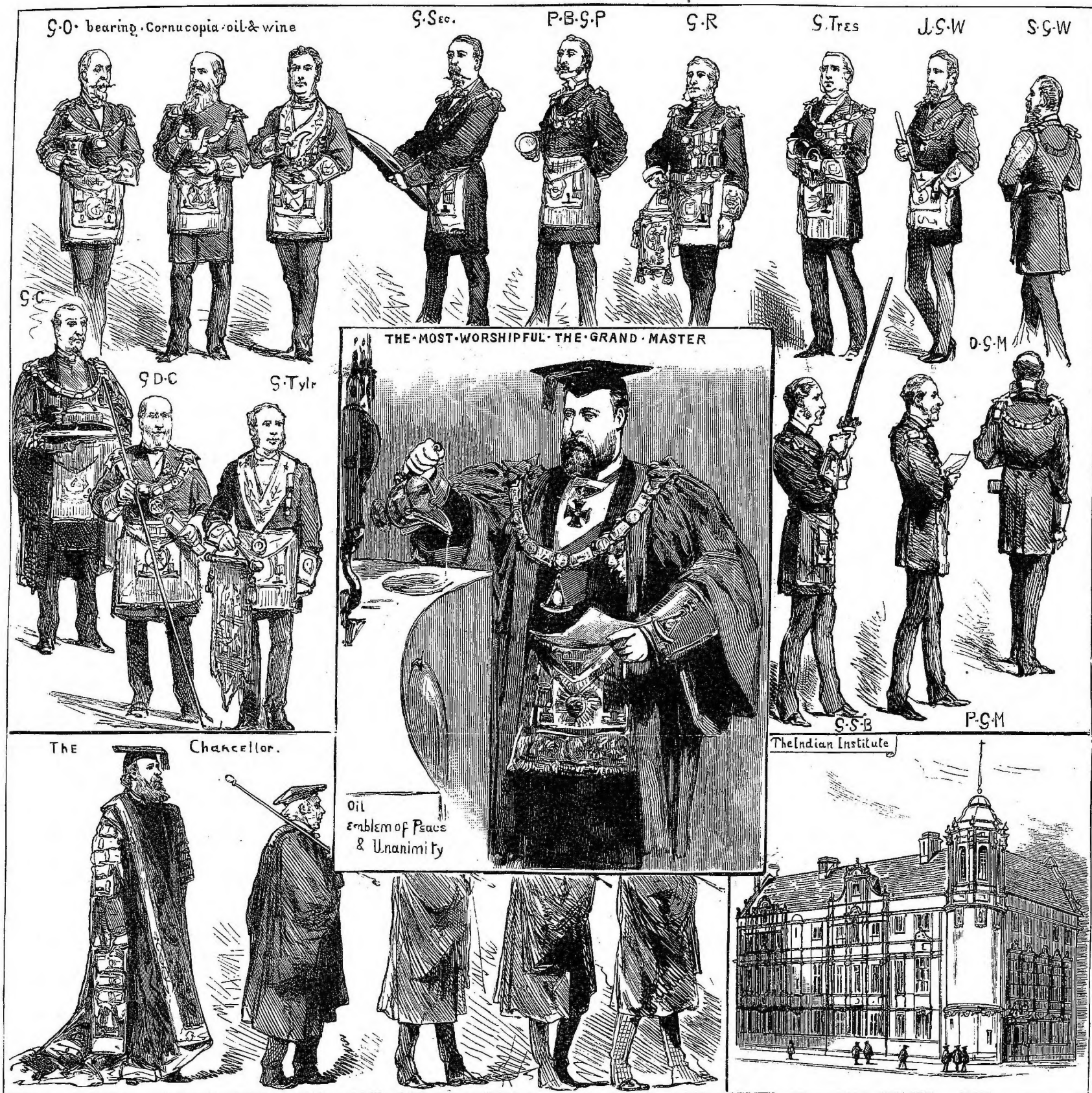
THE INAUGURAL BANQUET OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM



MR. FRANK HATTON, SCIENTIFIC EXPLORER TO THE
BRITISH NORTH BORNEO COMPANY
Born 1861; Killed while Elephant-Hunting, March, 1883



MR. ASHTON WENTWORTH DILKE, LATE M.P. FOR
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
Born 1850; Died March 12, 1883



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD — HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE

These well-known Turfmen are interesting to the public, at any rate to the sporting public, for the sake of their horses, rather than for the sake of themselves. Prince Bathyan's age has been variously given. He was in his eightieth year, if not a good deal older.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Dickinsons, Bond Street.

THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE, OXFORD

THE Indian Institute at Oxford, of which the memorial stone was laid by the Prince of Wales on Wednesday week, has been founded for the purpose of furthering Oriental studies, and those in particular of such students as are intended for the Indian Civil Service, and for the aid of native students. Effective and trustworthy teaching is to be given on all matters which relate to India and its inhabitants. Indian researches will be promoted and encouraged, and lectures and addresses are to be given by Indian authorities—both British and native—as opportunity arises. By this it is hoped that a greater interest will be aroused in Oriental subjects, and England and India be enabled to become better acquainted with each other. The scheme originated with Professor Monier Williams, who twice journeyed to India for the purpose of obtaining native support. The Prince of Wales also took an interest in the scheme, which subsequently was sanctioned by the Queen, and received the support of Convocation, which voted an endowment of 250*l.* a year. The funds for the construction of the building were raised by subscriptions to the amount of 20,150*l.*, of which Sir Thomas Brassey contributed 9,000*l.*, but a further sum of 10,000*l.* is urgently wanted to complete the building. It is to contain, in addition to a lecture-room and library, an Oriental Museum. The architect is Mr. Basil Champneys, the style of the buildings is that of the Renaissance, and the memorial stone was laid in a circular stone tower which is to be erected at one of the corners. The ceremony was performed with full Masonic honours, and was witnessed by a dense throng, amongst whom were some of the most distinguished personages of the day. The Marquis of Salisbury, as Chancellor was, of course, present, as also the Archbishop of York, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Northbrook, and Lord Kimberley. A procession was formed from the Sheldonian Theatre, where the Prince had opened the Provincial Grand Lodge of Oxfordshire, and the Prince, who wore the scarlet robes of a Doctor of the University, walked through Convocation Hall to the new building, in the interior of which a large dais had been erected. After a short religious service, Professor Monier Williams asked the Prince to lay the memorial stone, and the procession having gone to the turret the Prince delivered the time-honoured Masonic charge, and called upon the Grand Chaplain to offer up a prayer. The Prince then laid the stone, coins being deposited with it, and corn, wine, and oil being sprinkled upon it according to ancient form. A further religious service was held, consisting of the hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and prayers for the builders and our Indian fellow-subjects; and after the National Anthem had been sung, the Prince returned in procession to the Sheldonian Theatre, where the Lodge was closed. In the afternoon Professor Jowett entertained the Prince at luncheon, when speeches in support of the Institute were made by His Royal Highness and other distinguished guests.

MISSION TO NORTH SEA FISHERIES

See page 486.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION

THE International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington is to be opened to-day by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Queen, who was unfortunately compelled, by her recent accident, to forego her intention of inaugurating the building. Great efforts have been made throughout the week to bring the exhibition into, as complete a state as possible, the tanks and ponds have been peopled with their inhabitants, and many of the various models placed in position. The aquarium arrangements are as perfect as modern appliances can make them. All the pumping machinery is in duplicate, the pipes are made of vulcanite, to obviate any injurious effect which metal might have upon the water; while, in the event of accident, there is a reserve of sea water amounting to 70,000 gallons. Hospital tanks also are set apart for the sick. It would be useless at present to attempt to notice at length the various sections, but we may mention that the Canadian Court promises to afford much food for the study of the North American fishes, and the various modes by which they are caught, and that the display of lifeboats and life-saving apparatus is the most extensive ever attempted, and may be expected to prove of incalculable use to our seaport and coast authorities. So large an exhibit in this class has been sent by the United States that a special building has been erected in the grounds for its accommodation. One of the most picturesque sections will be that of the Netherlands, where all the mysteries of the herring and his cure will be shown. Of the Chinese Court we spoke in a previous article; while the Scandinavian contributions are particularly interesting. As in the Paris International Exhibition, a handsome pavilion has been erected for the Prince of Wales. It is tastefully furnished and decorated, and lighted by 300 Swan lamps. In connection with the exhibition an International Fishery Conference will be opened on June 16th. The Prince of Wales will preside. Professor Huxley is expected to deliver the inaugural address, and the Duke of Edinburgh will probably read a paper during the proceedings. These will include discussions on all matters relating to the fishing industries of the world.

MR. ASHTON DILKE

MR. ASHTON W. DILKE, who died at Algiers on the 12th ult., was the second son of the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., and was the brother of the present Sir Charles Dilke. He was born in 1850, was educated at Cambridge, and became a scholar of Trinity Hall. He subsequently devoted much time to the Russian language, of which he acquired a good literary and colloquial knowledge. He translated one of Tourgenieff's stories, which treats of the secret workings of Nihilism. Mr. Dilke travelled widely in both the European and Asiatic provinces of the Russian Empire. His travels in Siberia and Turkistan made him an authority on those remote countries, and his exploration of the mountain range of Thian-Shan was considered a remarkable achievement. The hardships he underwent during one of these Russian journeys weakened his health, and developed an inherited tendency to consumption. Mr. Dilke sat in the House of Commons for Newcastle-upon-Tyne from the General Election in 1880 until a few weeks ago, when he resigned on account of continued ill-health. In 1876 he married Margaret Mary, daughter of Mr. T. Eustace Smith, M.P., of Gosforth House, Northumberland.—Our engraving is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MR. F. HATTON

FRANK HATTON, the only son of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the well-known author and journalist, was born in August, 1861. He was educated at the College of Marq, Lille; at King's College School, London; at the School of Mines, Jermyn Street; and at the College of Chemistry, South Kensington. He soon distinguished himself both as a chemist and a mineralogist. His researches into the influence of gases on Bacteria made him, two years ago, an authority on that subject. These investigations, which lasted over

six months, obtained for him the prize offered by Dr. Frankland, and also election as an Associate of the Institute of Chemistry. In 1881 he was appointed by the directors of the British North Borneo Company as their scientific explorer, and had conducted several successful expeditions in the northern part of that vast island. He spoke and wrote with fluency the languages of the country, Malay and Dusun, and of the latter was preparing a dictionary. He had just returned from a successful exploration of the Segama River, and was about to come home for a holiday, when he met with his death near Elopura. He was out elephant-hunting, when his rifle caught in the bushes. He was shot through the lungs, and died instantly. This sad termination of a most promising career has aroused great sympathy for his bereaved family. Governor Treacher, speaking of his diaries, extracts from which have already been printed, and which are being collected for publication, commends "his tact, his courage, and his discretion;" and the Chairman of the North Borneo Company, writing a letter of condolence to the afflicted father, describes Mr. Frank Hatton as "a most energetic, valuable, and painstaking officer."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street.

THE EXPLOSION AT PRIDDY'S HARD SHELL FACTORY

ON Saturday a terrible explosion took place at the Government shell manufactory at Priddy's Hard, near Portsmouth. Priddy's Hard is one of the Government magazines, and is situated in a somewhat remote spot on the Gosport side of the water. The building in which the explosion took place is separated by a mound of earth from the magazine itself, and is divided off into two rooms—in one of which the shells are filled, these being then wheeled in trucks into the other. At the time of the explosion the process of filling the shells with gunpowder was being carried on—a most dangerous occupation, which necessitates the most stringent precautions being taken against accident. Thus the floor of the filling room is covered with hides or wadmiltits, and the men engaged are required to exchange their clothing, take off their boots, and wear laboratory slippers—laying aside all knives, pipes, and matches before coming on duty. On Saturday morning some forty-pound shells were being filled and fused, seven men being engaged. Soon after nine a fearful explosion was heard, the roof of the building was forced off, and the upper portions of the thick walls were blown down. Three of the men were found to have been killed, and three others so seriously wounded that they died at Haslar Naval Hospital. Only one man survived, and he remains in a critical state, it having been found necessary to amputate his leg at the thigh. In the room adjoining a number of artillerymen were working, but fortunately escaped. The cause of the explosion is unknown, but it is evident that from some reason or other one of the shells burst in the hands of a pensioner named Jones, who, it is stated, was fitting a fuse into it. The explosion of the missile fired a number of other shells, and so greatly enhanced the disaster.

OLD GATEWAY AT PORTSMOUTH

THE ancient fortifications of Portsmouth are now in course of demolition. One of the gates represented in our engraving (which is copied from a photograph by Messrs. Symonds, of Portsmouth) is of great antiquity, and through it Henry VIII. passed at the time of the intended French invasion in 1513.

THE FIRE AT FREEMASONS' HALL

THE old Masonic Temple in Great Queen Street, adjoining the Freemasons' Tavern, was seriously injured by fire on the night of Thursday, the 4th inst. The fire was discovered about midnight, when the waiters were engaged in clearing the great dining hall of the Tavern, after the festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. The Fire Brigade men were quickly at work, and were successful in preventing the fire from spreading. Indeed, they partly saved the hall in which the fire broke out. The roof of the hall, however, was nearly burnt off; the decorations, woodwork and upholstery, were destroyed or badly damaged by fire and water; and the paintings in the Throne Room were all burnt. These included portraits of former Grand Masters, such as the late Prince of Wales (George IV.), and the Dukes of Cumberland, Kent, and Sussex. The Masonic Hall was built in 1775, from designs by Thomas Sandby, R.A. It is described by Elves as "the first house built in this country with the appropriate symbols of Masonry, and with the suitable apartments for the holding of Lodges, the initiating, passing, raising, and exalting of brethren."

The adjacent Freemasons' Tavern, now in the possession of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, was quite untouched by the fire, which, in fact, was effectively held in check until the arrival of the Brigade by the complete system of hydrants, &c., manufactured by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, and kept on the Tavern premises. Our engraving is from a photograph by W. G. Parker and Co., 40, High Holborn.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE's New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is concluded in this Number.

AN ASCENT OF BEN MACDHUI

BEN NEVIS excepted, Ben Macdhui, or Muich Dhui, as it is sometimes called, is the highest of Scotch mountains, being 4,296 feet above the level of the sea—a small height compared to the giants of Switzerland, but nevertheless affording plenty of wholesome exertion to the climber.

The party whose adventures are depicted in our engravings started on the 30th August last year, in high spirits and with a high barometer; Donald, the guide, leading the way in grand style.

At the other end of what remains of the ancient Forest of Mar, having gained an excellent appetite, they sat down to breakfast.

One of the party so often showed a desire to avoid his fellow travellers at regular intervals, that he drew upon him their suspicions. They watched, and surprised him in the act of taking what he called "only a nippy."

Despite the high barometer, rain began, and continued to increase, until there was nothing for it but to crouch behind a boulder, and await its abatement.

As, however, no token of clearing up appeared, it was resolved to push on valiantly. The next sketch is purely fanciful, and is supposed to represent a Blue Ribbonite, who, having drunk nothing stronger than ginger beer, is unable to scale the craggy heights of Ben, and is fain to sit at the bottom for ever. Later on, however, he seems to have regained his companions.

Passing Loch Etchan, the party visited the precipices on the Glen Dee side. Here the wind was found to be uncomfortably strong.

After five hours' steady walking, climbing, and stumbling, they reached the summit of the noble Ben; but were decidedly disappointed in the matter of a view, being surrounded by a dense cloud. However, they consoled themselves with several toasts.

On reaching level ground the party were in a somewhat dishevelled condition. They had travelled nearly thirty miles through heather, great boulders, loose stones, peat bogs, brawling burns, and wet grass.

Sitting in front of Miss Morgan's kitchen fire somewhat later on, they bade defiance to the elements, waxed jovial, and indulged rather boisterously in inartistic renderings of popular songs.—Our

engravings are from sketches forwarded to us by Mr. Alex. Murray, of Aberdeen.

QUEENSLAND INCIDENTS

"A KANGAROO AT BAY" shows a common scene in Queensland. The kangaroo dogs are usually fierce, strong animals, full of fight, but they are often terribly mauled by the kangaroo, who, if he is large, full-grown male, is extremely dangerous when placed in position depicted in the drawing. In many instances the settler stands up fight with one of these creatures has been nearly killed, and in a few cases they have died from the wounds inflicted by sharp long nails of the kangaroo.

"Robbing a Bee's Nest" is an actual scene. These bees are not native ones (that species has no stings), but the English variety imported here from the Old Country, and, being in a wild, heath state, they know how to use their stings effectively. They are now spread over most of Queensland, and make much better honey than the native variety. The mild, but now active, gent in the foreground has a bee, if not "in his bonnet," certainly on the top of his crown, or pate, and his sensations can be quite understood by antics he is cutting. He is an old Cambridge B.A., who came here many years ago, took to sheep farming, failed in that; took to drink, and is now "Our Village Schoolmaster."

"Our New Chum" is slightly elevated in more than one way. He has been by an old hand encouraged to try his luck at shooting a crow with his colt's revolver, and the result is here depicted. It may be observed that the bystanders have, in the language of the region, "left something at home," and are anxious to recover the possessions. Every time the horse "bucks" our elevated friend clutches the trigger, and sends another bullet seeking its billet.

A STREET BARBER IN SPAIN

HERE Mr. Reinhart has given us a characteristic scene of Spanish life. The part played by the barber in Spain is no mean one. His stall or shop is the general rendezvous of all the gossips of the neighbourhood, and there social scandals and political problems are threshed out to the bitter end. Like the vivacious Nello George Eliot has portrayed in "Romola," or the still more famous Figaro, he is generally an inveterate talker and busybody, thrusting himself forward into everybody's business, and acknowledging no equal in conducting an intrigue or ferreting out a mystery. His trade—we beg pardon, his profession—also is tolerably lucrative, as Spaniards of all classes love smooth chins, and a beard amongst them is as great a rarity as an uncropped head amongst the Mussulmans. Moreover, he is a great man in his circle, and, without possessing the power of life and death of Louis the Eleventh's Olivier, can make and mar many a character; and woe betide a new comer if he fails to secure Figaro's good graces.

PICCADILLY IN AND OUT OF SEASON

THE striking contrast here depicted is familiar to all Londoners—a fashionable thoroughfare in the full swing of the season, with throngs of carriages and hansoms rolling along at a speed which reminds one of Hazlitt's description of "mail coaches pouring down Piccadilly, and devouring the way before them to the Land's End," with crowds of fashionable folk on the pavement, the ladies in the most brilliant and fashionable colours, and their male companions in the stiffest of stand-up collars—the reverse of those dandies of James the First's time, who wore the large "turn-downs," called Piccadillies, so named from a well-known gaming house, Piccadilly Hall, the once fashionable resort of both young and old bloods. Now, however, instead of gaming houses, we have shops and art galleries galore, and every year some new and handsome building is added to the many which grace what is certainly one of the handsomest streets of the metropolis. On a sunny May afternoon a stranger would think that the whole of the fashionable circles had turned out in a brilliant procession; but, were he to revisit the scene a few months later, he would fancy London in a state of siege, or in the occupation of some foreign Power, as the thoroughfare is taken possession of by an army of Italian workmen, who are busy raising barricades of symmetrically shaped wooden blocks. Were he to appeal, however, to that metropolitan encyclopædia the policeman, he would tell him that the scene was only that of Piccadilly out of season, and the Italian army only a gang of asphaltes or wood-pavement layers, for the authorities of St. James's, unlike those of a parish nearer this office, think that it may possibly be more convenient to the general public that such work should be done at a time when "everybody" is, or is supposed to be, "out of town."



BANQUETS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS have been, on the whole, the chief events of a generally uneventful week. The banquet of the Royal Academy on Saturday was the occasion of some clever speeches from Lord Granville, who neatly pointed out that Government had granted the only two desires which the Academy had formulated, the first being that they should be left alone, the second that the statue of the Great Duke should be removed from its ridiculous position; from Professor Huxley; and from Mr. John Morley, whose acknowledgment of the toast of "Literature" was coupled with a fear that the brilliant development of the art of painting had been almost injurious to the art of good prose, tempting the writer to aim at "effects that belong exclusively to the canvas and palette of the painter."—The Royal College of Music was opened by the Prince of Wales on Monday with a speech marked by much felicity and feeling. The ceremony, though nominally a private one, was well attended by the friends of the new institution, among them the Duke of Westminster, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir R. Wallace, the Lord Mayor, &c. The opening prayer was offered by the Primate. At the close of the proceedings the Prince announced Her Majesty's intention to confer the honour of knighthood on Professor Macfarren, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. George Grove. The first-named has, we hear, declined to accept the proffered honour.—On Wednesday the Duke of Edinburgh took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Corporation of the Trinity House; Earl Granville, as Chancellor of the London University, distributed the diplomas and prizes to the successful students of the year, concluding with a graceful tribute to the memory of Sir G. Jessel, late Vice-Chancellor of the University, and a sanguine hope of the advantages to be derived from the new Royal College of Music.—Speeches marked by more than usual fire were delivered by Lord Salisbury and Sir S. Northcote at the great banquet of the Beaconsfield Club at Knightsbridge, in twofold celebration of the acquisition of the Club buildings by the members, and of the unveiling of Count Gleichen's bust of the late Earl.—At a meeting to discuss the value of the gold deposits in the Transvaal, Lord Carnarvon maintained that all would have gone well if the policy of '77 had been firmly carried out.—A gathering of Conservative provincial editors and prominent members of the new Constitutional Club was held on Tuesday at the Carlton, under the presidency of the Earl of Limerick. The new Club, it was stated, already numbered 200 Peers and M.P.'s, and 1,200 other members.

Sir R. A. Cross, who was the chief speaker, in the unavoidable absence of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, expressed a belief that the country had become "disgusted" with Mr. Gladstone's method of conducting public business.—An important meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel of the General Committee of the National Liberal Federation, last week, was largely attended by representatives of Liberal Associations from all parts of the country. The apathy of Parliament and of the metropolis generally on questions which provincial Liberals, especially in the North, considered of supreme importance, was strongly censured, and a resolution was passed that in all future arrangements of Ministerial measures, precedence should be given to the County Franchise Bill, which should be at once followed by another measure for the more equal redistribution of seats. It was also resolved that a Conference should be invited of representatives of all Liberal organisations throughout the country.—Meetings to express regret for the defeat of the Affirmation Bill have been held by the Liberal party at Birmingham, Walsall, Nottingham, and Northampton. At a full meeting, on Monday, of the Executive of the Northampton Liberal and Radical Union, great indignation was expressed at "the ungrateful conduct of the Irish members in opposing the Affirmation Bill, after the steady support given to every reasonable claim for full and complete justice to Ireland by both members for the borough," and on Wednesday Mr. Bradlaugh addressed his constituents in the Town-Hall, leaving it to them to decide whether he should retain his seat, but declaring that in that case he shall consider it "his duty to disobey the order of the House whenever he pleased and how he pleased." He also complained strongly of the action of the Church Defence Institute. At the close the meeting formally desired him to retain his seat.—The Parnellite M.P.'s have come to a resolution to take henceforth a more active part in the general business of Parliament, and will appoint for this object three Standing Committees, of five members each, to deal respectively with the Estimates, Colonial and Foreign Affairs, and Home Questions. The first two Committees have been already nominated, the third will be appointed after the recess.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS AT MILLBANK were again brought before the magistrate at Bow Street, only to be again remanded till the 10th. In anticipation of their commitment for trial at the Central Criminal Court, Mr. Edward Clarke, M.P., has been engaged, it is said, for their defence. The prosecution will be conducted by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General.—The prisoners at Liverpool—T. Featherstone and Dan O'Herlihy—were also remanded last Saturday till the 11th. The man Mitchell, arrested at Leicester for the possession of a large quantity of nitro-glycerine, has been discharged, as there is no evidence to connect him with any unlawful conspiracy. He may still be proceeded against under the Explosives Act of 1875.

THE TRIALS OF THE REMAINING PRISONERS AT KILMAINHAM were resumed on the 3rd in the Dublin Commission Court, when the city and county grand juries were re-sworn, and true bills found against Laurence Hanlon, Joseph and James Mullett, George Smith, and Dan Delaney, for the attempt to murder Mr. Field; against the same five and six others for conspiracy to murder; against Fitzharris, the cabman, as an accessory after the fact; and for murder against E. McCaffrey and E. O'Brien, and against Tynan ("No. 1"), Walsh, and Sheridan, not yet "amenable to justice." Two of the accused, Joe Mullett and Moroney, pleaded guilty of conspiracy to murder, and were put back. Laurence Hanlon, the next put upon his trial, was found guilty of the attempt on the life of Mr. Field, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. As he left the dock he shouted, "God save Ireland from informers." George Smith, who was present at only a few meetings of the conspirators, has been released on his own recognisances, and will, it is understood, be sent by his father to America. The third trial of Tim Kelly commenced on Monday, when a new approver, Joe Hanlon, brother of Laurence, and cousin of Dan Curley, was examined, and described how, after the murders, he, Curley, and Fagan drove away in Fitz-Harris's cab; and terminated on Wednesday evening in a verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on the 9th of June. The scaffold for the execution of the five previously condemned is being erected in the outer or western yard of the prison. The last sentence of the law will not be carried out in the case of Pat Delaney, the assailant of Judge Lawson.—Kingston, Gibney, and Healy, the three men now in custody as members of the Fenian Vigilance Committee, were again examined last week before Mr. O'Donel, when some curious revelations were made by W. Lamie, the approver. The prisoners were remanded till the 11th.—Private inquiries are still actively conducted by Mr. Curran at the Castle, Mr. Horn at Cork, and by the authorities at Limerick and in Galway.—From Crossmaglen in Co. Down 200 men are said to have emigrated through fear of being implicated in the recent conspiracies in that neighbourhood.—The story of the attack on Mr. Field was retold on Saturday before Mr. Monahan, Q.C., at the investigation ordered by the Lord Lieutenant into that gentleman's claim for 10,000*l.* compensation. Evidence was given of the physical injuries sustained, the destruction of his business, which could never again be profitably carried on in Ireland, and the amount of his previous income, 400*l.* net. The report of the Commissioner will be forwarded to Earl Spencer.—The Parnell Fund is creeping steadily upwards to a more respectable figure than those first announced. It now amounts to 6,337*l.*, the last addition being 890*l.* from the newly-formed Dublin Mansion House Committee.—The death of Lord Justice Deasy, in his seventy-first year, to the great regret of the Irish Bench and Bar, has placed the Government in a curious dilemma, which it is rumoured may be removed by the creation of Mr. Justice Lawson as Judge of Appeal and the elevation of the Solicitor-General to the Bench. Mr. Porter's services are too important to be spared, and it is feared there is not a constituency in Ireland where a new law officer of the present Administration would have a reasonable chance of being returned.—Prayers for the soul of Mr. Burke were offered up on the 6th in all the Roman Catholic chapels in Dublin, and two crosses of ivy leaves and wallflowers were placed by unknown hands upon the spot where he and his companion were killed.

THE TEN WEEKS' STRIKE of 4,000 weavers at Huddersfield has now been terminated, the masters having offered some concessions, which the men generally appear inclined to accept. The Mayor acted as mediator between the two parties.

AN UNEASY FEELING still prevails among the colliers of Yorkshire and the Midland districts, and the refusal of the employers to discuss the question of production with the representatives of the Miners' Associations has caused much dissatisfaction. At the assembly of delegates at Birmingham on Saturday, it was resolved to summon a meeting of the National Conference for the 30th of May at Manchester, to determine the course of future action.

THE FIRST MEETING of the Royal Commission to inquire into the grievances of the Skye Crofters was held at Braes on Tuesday last. Complaints were general of the smallness of the holdings, the inferiority of the land, the inability of most of the crofters, and in many cases the refusal of permission, to keep sheep, and the injury done to their crops by deer. Fixity of tenure at fair rents, larger holdings, and permission to keep sheep were declared to be the most feasible remedies.

THE WEATHER AGAIN has been decidedly unseasonable, and on Saturday there was a heavy snowstorm throughout the Central Midlands. In North Wales bitter winds have prevailed from the north-east, with frequent showers of hail and snow; and near Carlisle, on the evening of the 4th, the thermometer registered nine degrees of frost.

OUR OBITUARY includes the names of Mr. Edmund Crompton Potter, of the great firm of Potter and Co., Manchester, a connoisseur of more than local fame for his rare collections of china and pictures, and equally ready to place his treasures at the service of the public by loans to Art exhibitions in the North; and of the Rev. W. W. Harvey, whose appointment to the Vicarage of Ewelme raised such a stir some dozen years ago.



IT is significant of the part which the House of Lords plays in the Parliamentary drama, that it very rarely supplies material for reference in a sketch of the week's proceedings. This is more particularly the case in the first months of the year. Towards the close, when business is being wound up, the Peers come to the front, and sometimes make up abundantly for any shortcomings in the earlier months. On Monday an attempt to amend this state of things was made by a noble lord, who moved that measures left over from the previous Session might be taken up at the stage where they were dropped in the following year. This is not a new proposition. It was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Edward Clarke, but without attracting favourable notice. It is small wonder that in so Conservative an assembly as the House of Lords a revolutionary proposal of this kind was utterly scouted. All the authorities, whether Liberal or Conservative, spoke against it, and its sponsor made haste to withdraw it.

On Tuesday the level routine of the Peers' spring work, which chiefly consisted of arriving and departing, was varied by an interesting debate on the question of Opening Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays. Lord Dunraven brought forward this motion, as he has done before, and was rewarded by finding a considerable accession to the numbers supporting him. On the other hand, a strong whip brought together members that hopelessly swamped the minority. The array of Bishops was (if the word may be used in such connection) simply appalling. There was also a good show of Conservative Peers. But the opposition to the motion was not confined to the Bishops and Conservatives, as Lord Dunraven found a few supporters on the Conservative Benches. Lord Granville, as might have been expected from his cultured taste and liberal mind, supported the motion; but Lord Cairns opposed it, as of course Lord Shaftesbury did. In the end the motion was rejected by ninety-one votes against sixty-seven; and the House accepted a somewhat inconsequential amendment, moved by Lord Shaftesbury, providing that "as far as consonant with their safety and general welfare," the British Museum, the National Gallery, and kindred institutions, should, on three days a week, be opened to the public between the hours of seven and ten, which, if it be carried out, will be something gained.

The House of Commons has for a whole week been free from the presence of Mr. Bradlaugh. The deliverance was effected last Friday, and was the consequence of the division taken at an early hour of the same morning on the Affirmation Bill. The scene on this occasion was a memorable one, even in a series that has extended over three years. As usual, and perhaps even in deepened degree, the debate immediately preceding the division had been wholly without interest. The House was nearly empty, and even the personal influence and debating ability of Mr. Goschen failed to excite much more than a ripple of interest. It was the advantage of the right hon. gentleman that he rose at eleven o'clock, at which hour dinner pairs had begun to fall in, and Members strolled back in expectation of the division. Sir Stafford Northcote, with a spasmodic vigour that betrayed its artificiality, summed up the debate from the Conservative side, and then Lord Hartington, with faithful conscientiousness, laboured through his task of replying for the Government. At ten minutes past one the House was cleared for division, and ten minutes later the news was proclaimed that the Bill had been thrown out by 292 votes against 289. It was suspected that the second reading would be carried by a majority so small as to make it impossible that the Government should go forward with it in Committee. But that the Bill should be actually thrown out at this stage was more than the most sanguine Conservative dared hope for. Having come, this blessing was hailed with frantic manifestations of delight. Members fell upon each others' necks, and shouted congratulations. Others jumped upon the benches, and waved their hats, whilst Lord Henry Lennox, who stood amid the throng at the door, fully enjoying the ecstasy of the moment, was suddenly reduced to silence by Mr. Callan insisting upon shaking hands with him.

Mr. Bradlaugh sat silent and scornful under the gallery watching this scene. It was expected that, with his customary promptness, he would straightway appear, and claim to take his seat. But he has grown wiser with practice. To adopt that course would merely have been to bring about a personal wrangle that would have resulted in his expulsion, and the curtailment of his treasured privilege of full enjoyment of the conveniences of the House. He knew better than to place himself at such a disadvantage, and even saw an opportunity of securing distinct gain out of what was at the moment a serious rebuff. On the next day he appeared in most respectful mood, and by a letter addressed to the Speaker demanded either permission to take the oath and his seat, or to address the House at the Bar. The latter was conceded without controversy, and in a House crowded from floor to ceiling, with the certainty that every word he uttered would be reported for the reading of millions all over the world, Mr. Bradlaugh, in well chosen language, not too far extended, and delivered with a certain dignity of manner, set forth the case as it stands between himself and the constitutional law of the land and the resolution of a bare majority of the House of Commons. This was a tremendous advantage, and having secured it Mr. Bradlaugh might well afford to retire, though it be temporarily, from his conflict with the House. As matters now stand, whilst the law commands him to take his seat, and inflicts penalties for failure to comply, it declines to permit him to make affirmation; whilst, by a resolution passed on Friday at the instance of Sir Stafford Northcote, the House of Commons has again prohibited him from taking the oath.

Mr. Bradlaugh's disappearance has not been marked by any acceleration of the business machinery of the House of Commons. On two days in succession a motion has been made for the adjournment of the House, and a considerable slice of the evening has been thus irregularly appropriated. On Monday Mr. Puleston, at the instance of Lord R. Churchill, moved the adjournment, in order to discuss the conduct of the Government in connection with the resolution recently passed by the House with respect to the Contagious Diseases Act. On Tuesday Mr. Jesse Collings, one of the most persistent denouncers of obstruction, having secured the assistance of the Fourth Party and the Land Leaguers, moved the adjournment, whilst he discussed the conduct of Mr. Dodson in respect of the sale of the Southport foreshore. Mr. Puleston's motion interfered with the progress of Supply on Naval Estimates, the debate on the first vote having to be adjourned at one o'clock in the morning. Mr. Collings stood between the House and a debate on Indian Finance, which under ordinary circumstances should have opened at five o'clock. But Mr. Stanhope did not find his opportunity till nine. To-day (Friday) the House adjourns for the Whitsun recess, with very little accomplished work to show for the interval since Easter.



GUSTAVE DORÉ'S LAST WORK, the statue of his old friend Alexandre Dumas the Elder, has been erected in the Place Malesherbes, Paris.

PRINTERS' PENSION CORPORATION.—The Anniversary Festival of this Institution will take place on Tuesday, June 19th, under the Presidency of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY will be established at Wimbledon during the next Volunteer meeting, *Engineering* tells us. The line will be a mile long, and there will be a train of six carriages carrying twenty-four passengers.

M. IVAN TOURGENIEFF, the well-known Russian author, who has been ill in Paris for some time past, is now in a very alarming condition. Besides suffering from heart disease, the *Paris Figaro* states that his reason has partially given way.

AN AERONAUTIC EXHIBITION is to be held at the Paris Trocadéro early next month in commemoration of the Montgolfier Balloon Centenary. All kinds of balloon materials will be shown, besides books on the subject, meteorological and electric apparatus, gas generators, &c.

A SPLENDID FIGURE OF BUDDHA has been unearthed at Meywar in the Punjab, and will probably be brought to England. The statue is of pure white marble, stands six feet high, and is a beautiful specimen of the best workmanship of the Buddhist epoch, but unfortunately the nose has been damaged, and both legs broken.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING last week of the trustees of the Shakespeare Birthplace, it was reported that the number of visitors to the poet's house and the museum for the year was close upon 13,000. New Place, where Shakespeare lived and died, will henceforth be thrown open to the public without charge for three days in each week.

THE BERLIN HYGIENE EXHIBITION was to be informally opened on Saturday, and will be officially inaugurated by the Crown Prince immediately on his return from Italy. In order that the working and poorer classes may benefit as much as possible by the Exhibition, the entrance fee, after the first five days, will be very small—6*d.* during the daytime and 4*d.* in the evening.

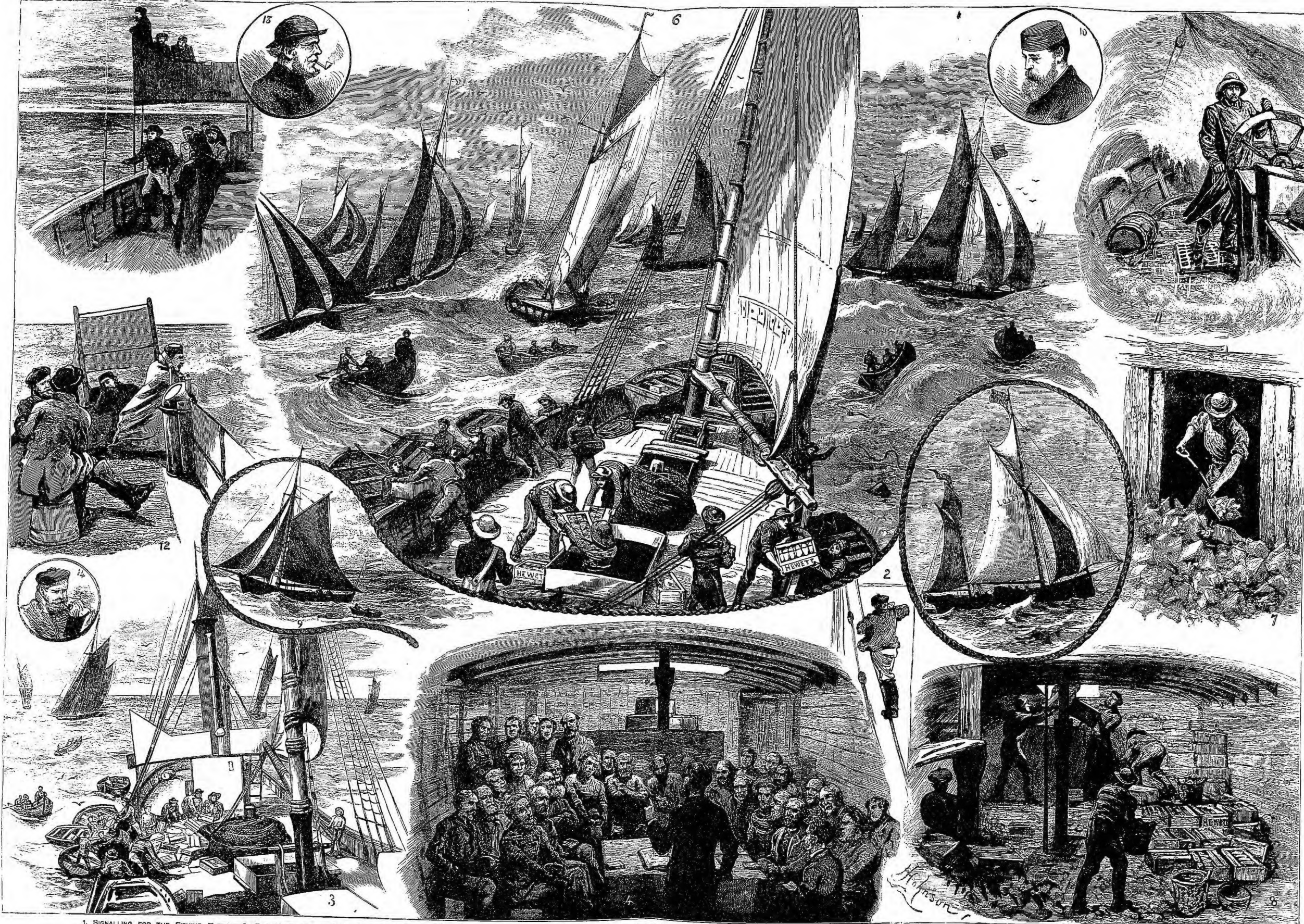
A COLOSSAL STATUE OF LUTHER will be unveiled during the Luther Quatercentenary celebrations in November at Eisleben, the Reformer's birthplace. The statue is now being shown at the Berlin Art Exhibition, and represents Luther crushing in his right hand the Papal Bull, which he is on the point of throwing into the fire, while with his left hand he clasps a Bible to his heart.

PLANS HAVE BEEN DRAWN UP for the enlargement of the National Gallery by the addition of two new galleries and two smaller rooms in the rear of the main building, part of the space for which will be obtained by doing away with the present staircases and the Turner Room, and substituting a new grand staircase behind the vestibule leading directly to the first of the new galleries. The cost is estimated at 66,000*l.*, and the work may be completed in four or five years.

LONDON MORTALITY again further declined last week, and 1,504 deaths were registered against 1,635 during the previous seven days, a decline of 131, being 92 below the average, and at the rate of 19.8 per 1,000. These deaths included 2 from small-pox (an increase of 1), 55 from measles (a rise of 15), 22 from scarlet fever (an increase of 5), 16 from diphtheria (a decline of 4), 24 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 11), 3 from typhus (a rise of 2), 9 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 2), and not one from continued fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 371 (a decline of 74, but being 26 above the average), of which 198 were attributed to bronchitis and 110 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 74 deaths; 63 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 31 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 10 of infants under one year from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,545 births registered, against 2,514 during the previous week, being 249 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.2 deg., and 2.8 deg. below the average.

THE DUTCH ARCTIC VESSEL, "WILLEM BARENTS" has gone out on a fresh exploring voyage, this time in search of the Dutch Expedition in the *Varna*. She left Amsterdam on Saturday, under Captain Dalen, while Sir Allen Young, Mr. Leigh Smith, and Mr. Clements Markham specially went over to wish her God speed. In memory of the meeting of the *Eira* and the *Willem Barents* last summer, Mr. Leigh Smith gave Captain Dalen two silver cups inscribed with the following words from his journal:—"August 3rd, 1882. Matoschkin Skarr, Nova Zembla, 10 A.M. A sail! A sail! The *Willem Barents*." Talking of Arctic Expeditions, the Austrian explorer, Julius Payer, of Franz Josef Land renown, is painting a huge series of pictures representing "The Last Days of the Franklin Expedition," from the diaries and relics discovered of the ill-fated traveller. Some of the sketches are now in the Munich Academy, including "Franklin in the Cabin of the Frozen-in Vessel sending his Farewell Greetings to his Distant Home," the "Abandoning of the Vessel," and the "Last Survivor Defending the Bodies of his Comrades against Polar Bears." Herr Payer will come to England for models of the British sailor type, and will finish off his studies in Paris, under the direction of Munkacsy.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER ON AMERICAN SUICIDES is given by the *New York Herald* in reviewing the numbers of self-murders in New York during the last fifteen years. Within that period 2,176 persons have made away with themselves for a strange variety of causes, but mostly concerning love or money; these people being in all grades of society, and ranging in age from ten years to ninety. In the aggregate more people commit suicide in the springtime rather than the dull autumn, choosing generally the merry month of May; and the number of male suicides greatly exceeds that of females, several months passing without any woman destroying herself. It is a grave criticism on the happiness of married life that 61 per cent. of the female suicides were wives, and only 22 per cent. spinsters, while the husbands very slightly outnumber the bachelors; and very few widowers indeed commit suicide at all. Foreign-born residents are far more prone to the crime than natives, and it is curious to note that the Germans largely outnumber all other nationalities, 687 Teutons having committed suicide against 398 pure Americans, while the Irish come third with 246 cases. Coloured people rarely destroy themselves, there being only three cases in the fifteen years. Shooting is the favourite mode of death, hanging coming next, and drowning is but little chosen. As to the influence of occupation, cigar-making is apparently very detrimental, as many of this trade figure in the list. Tailors are also of a suicidal turn of mind, and generally hang themselves, while barbers and butchers prefer poison or a pistol. Druggists choose some quick poison, but photographers, with plenty of deadly compounds at hand, rarely poison themselves, but prefer some other mode of death.



1. SIGNALLING FOR THE FISHING FLEET.—2. THE MATE ON THE LOOK-OUT.—3. GETTING OUT "TRUNKS."—4. SERVICE IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAM FISH-CARRIER "FROST."—5. THE "ENSIGN" MISSION SMACK.—6. TAKING IN THE FISH.—7. ICE FOR PACKING.—8. PACKING FISH IN THE HOLD.—9. "THE GROG SHOP."—10. A FELLOW-PASSENGER.—11. ROUGH WEATHER: THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.—12. ROUGH WEATHER: SKETCH ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "FROST."—13. THE SKIPPER OF THE STEAM CARRIER "FROST."—14. THE MATE.

OUR FISHERMEN—A TRIP TO THE THAMES CHURCH MISSION SMACK "ENSIGN," STATIONED WITH THE NORTH SEA FISHING FLEET



THE FRENCH CABINET have suddenly revealed their intentions with regard to Tonquin, and, according to the statement to the Parliamentary Committee by M. Brun, the Marine Minister, these embrace more than a nominal expedition. M. de Kergaradec, who is now well on his way to Annam, bears a letter to King Tu Duc from President Grévy, plainly telling him that, as he is unable to restore order in Tonquin, France has decided to establish herself there definitively. Nor is this all, as the King is asked to sign a Protocol recognising not only the simple occupation of Tonquin, but a French Protectorate over the whole of Annam, whose foreign affairs will henceforth be managed, after the Tunisian fashion, by the French. The latter, in return, will guarantee the King the integrity of his kingdom, and will assign him a third of the revenues, France having the right of imposing Customs' duties and other taxes. As far as Annam is concerned the occupation will be confined to the delta of the Yellow River, but Tonquin will be definitely occupied, the cost being defrayed by the revenue of that province. Important military preparations have been made by the French in the event of any resistance, and reinforcements will shortly be sent from Toulon. China, however, is showing signs of uneasiness, and has sent a force of 2,000 soldiers to the south. The prospect of a war with China is accordingly being widely discussed, and while the difficulties of such a campaign are universally admitted, no doubt is entertained of the eventual success of the French arms.

Internally, political circles in France are abnormally quiet, and as a natural consequence the Chambers are steadily getting through an unusual quantity of work. The Cabinet is having a truly halcyon time of it, and has secured a practical victory in the election of the Budget Committee, from which, with one exception, the Radical element has been excluded. M. Sadi Carnot, who in 1880 was Minister of Public Works under M. Jules Ferry, has been chosen the President, owing to the prominent part which public works will play in the forthcoming estimates. The chief measures discussed have been the Habitual Criminals' Transportation Bill, by which other colonies than New Caledonia will be utilised for the exile of the criminal classes, and a Bill for repressing anti-Republican demonstrations, seditious cries, and emblems, with a special provision for punishing people who take part in illegal open-air meetings. The only other political item of note is the departure of M. Waddington for Moscow, to represent France at the forthcoming coronation.

In PARIS great satisfaction has been expressed at the decoration with the Legion of Honour of the well-known comedian of the Théâtre Français, M. Delaunay. He had given notice of his determination to retire; and, in fact, was giving his farewell performances when, on Saturday evening, he was summoned to the private room of the manager, where he found the Premier, M. Jules Ferry, and General Pittié. The former at once stepped forward, and pinned the cross on M. Delaunay's breast, at the same time hoping he would withdraw his resignation. The actor, moved by such an unprecedented honour, declared that he would stay till he was dismissed. This is the first instance of an actor receiving the decoration purely and simply with regard to his art, for, though M. Got has the cross, it was given him nominally as Professor at the Conservatoire. Four new pieces were produced at the Palais Royal on one night, but all were of ephemeral interest. M. Edouard Manet, the well-known painter, was buried last week, and the obituary of the last few days also comprises M. Louis Viardot, who, like Jules Sandeau, was intimately connected with Georges Sand.

Parliamentary history is repeating itself, as it has done for the last score of years, in GERMANY. Despite Prince Bismarck's insistence upon his pet measures, and the interference of the Emperor, the Deputies refuse to be coerced, and continue their old tactics of adhering to their previous decisions, and declining to vote under Imperial dictation. Thus the State Subsidy Clause of the Accident Assurance Bill—the salient point of the measure—has been rejected by the Select Committee, the Bill for raising the timber duties has been thrown out, while as for the Emperor's request that the estimates for 1884-5 should be summarily passed, the House has flatly declined to do anything of the kind, and has referred them to a Select Committee—equivalent to postponing their consideration to the Greek Kalends. There is accordingly a considerable chance of yet another crisis, and rumours of the Chancellor's intention to resign are once more abroad.

Lord Dufferin has arrived at Constantinople, and TURKEY will soon be immersed in Armenian affairs, to which our Ambassador, now that he has reduced Egypt to comparative quiet, will turn his serious attention. Meanwhile, it is stated that the secret society discovered at Erzeroum was of far more importance than was generally believed, and a telegram from Athens states that it had a military organisation, under the direction of a Council of five members. A plot is reported to have been organised for Armenian independence—the conspirators having relations with the Russian Nihilists. At all events, the Archimandrite Arachel and four young Armenians have been arrested at Sivas, the Archimandrite Paul has been arrested for publishing a pamphlet entitled "The Tears of Armenia," and the editor of the Armenian review, *Mamoul*, at Constantinople, has been sentenced to confinement in a fortress for life. The Lebanon question at last shows sign of being happily settled to the satisfaction of everybody. The Porte has proposed Wassa Effendi, the Mutesarif of Adrianople, and a Catholic Albanian, as Rustem Pasha's successor, and the nomination has been accepted by the Ambassadorial Conference, much to the relief of everybody concerned.

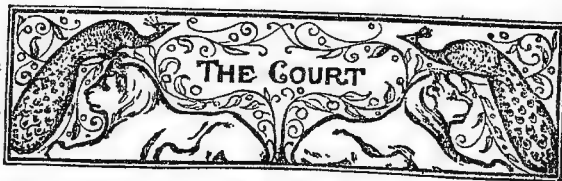
In RUSSIA the preparations for the forthcoming coronation are absorbing all circles. The most stringent military precautions are being taken. In Moscow itself there will be a force of 12,500 men, while a large force will be encamped in the vicinity, forming a total, the *Daily News* tells us, of 55,000 men, with 120 Generals and 2,500 officers, under the supreme command of the Grand Duke Vladimir. Great discrimination is to be exercised with regard to the admission of foreign reporters, each of whom will have to wear a badge, and to carry his credentials written at the back of his photograph. Considerable curiosity is evinced as to whether the Czar will announce any new reforms in his manifesto on the occasion. This, however, is generally considered to be extremely unlikely, but it is confidently announced that the poll tax will be considerably reduced, that the liabilities of public functionaries to the State will be remitted where the sum does not exceed 80*l.*, that prisoners awaiting trial for minor offences will be pardoned, and that the sentences on condemned criminals will be mitigated. As regards the actual date of the Coronation ceremony, nothing has been definitively announced publicly, but the Diplomatic Body have been requested to be in Moscow by the 24th inst. The total expense of the ceremonies is estimated to exceed a million and a half sterling. The only extra-political news is that the evacuation of Kuldja has now been completely carried out, with the exception of two regiments, which remain for the protection of the Russian Consul.

In INDIA, which seems to be having a respite from the anti-magistrature agitation, much interest has been excited by the

condemnation of a native editor to two months' imprisonment for a curious contempt of Court. Mr. Justice Norris, it appears, had been trying a dispute between two brothers with regard to the identity of a family idol, and, at the suggestion of both parties, ordered that the idol should be brought into the precincts of the court for identification, taking every precaution not in any way to outrage or shock the feelings of the Brahmins. For this two native journals, the *Brahmo Public Opinion* and the *Bengalee*, warmly castigated the "Calcutta Daniel," who was likened to Jeffries and Scroggs, declared to be unworthy of his position, and accused of having "dragged into court and inspected an object of worship which only Brahmins are allowed to approach after having purified themselves. . . . and committed in the name of Justice what amounts to an act of sacrilege in the estimation of pious Hindoos." For this the editor of the *Bengalee* has been prosecuted, and sentenced as we have above mentioned. From Afghanistan it is reported that the Shinwaris are still troublesome, and that the Ameer's troops have been defeated. In British Burmah a Shan Prince who had killed two of his followers has been found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death by the Recorder of Rangoon, despite the plea of the accused that he is a Sovereign Prince, and consequently not subject to the Court's jurisdiction.

The question as to whether or no Messrs. Sheridan, Walsh, and Tynan can be extradited has been almost the sole topic in the UNITED STATES, and there is general expression of opinion that the law should be so amended as to allow the extradition of such cases. Thus the *Boston Advertiser* remarks: "They are not political offenders. They are not indicted for political crimes, they are wanted for common crime, and it is not at all pleasant to have them here. If they cannot be surrendered it is the duty of the American and English Governments to amend the Treaty. We surrender to Mexico every criminal guilty of a 25-dollar larceny, to Switzerland persons guilty of forcibly entering an inhabited house, to France embezzling servants, to Spain persons guilty of obtaining money under false pretences. It is absurd that we cannot surrender to England men who appear to be organisers of foul murders, though the knife is actually wielded by their servants." The Irish meanwhile are busily organising and re-organising their anti-British associations, and O'Donovan Rossa has formed a new Revolutionary Brotherhood, at a meeting of which, while deprecating abuse of the work of the Philadelphia Convention, he exclaimed: "They go their way, we go ours. . . . We hope to do more in the next six months than we have done in the past. It is our dynamite which has stricken terror into every English heart." Considerable comment has also been excited by the statement that the new President of the Irish National League declared at the opening of the Convention that there was no need to apologise for anything that has been done—a distinct expression of approval of the outrages by the Extreme party. General Grant, however, in a speech to the New York Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, spoke very strongly about adopted citizens "banking largely" on their citizenship. "Let a man come here," he said, "to enjoy all the privileges which we enjoy, but let him fulfil all the obligations we are expected to fulfil. After he has adopted it, let this be his country—a country he will fight for and die for, if necessary." According to the British Consul in New York, the London dynamite conspiracies were mainly unearthed through informers there, an immense amount of information having been volunteered by Irishmen who seemed to think that they could make money by informing. The Parnell branch of the Land League considers that an American Committee should go to Ireland and judge of its condition for themselves. The latest infernal machine is stated to be a high silk hat, which contains a quantity of nitro-glycerine, and which can be exploded by the mere withdrawal of a handkerchief.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the chief comes from NOVA SCOTIA, where the Governor is said to have received information that two Fenian vessels are likely to pay a visit to the coast laden with torpedoes and other implements for the destruction of shipping. Careful precautions against surprise are being organised.—In SWITZERLAND the breach in the Paris and Lyons Railway near Fort de l'Écluse, caused last year by a landslip, has been temporarily repaired, and the train service resumed.—In HOLLAND a new Cabinet has been formed, which is defined as extra-Parliamentary, but not anti-Parliamentary.—In AUSTRIA there has been a riot at Vienna, owing to the discontent of about a thousand bakers who are out on strike. The police had to interfere, and precautions are being taken against a renewed outbreak. The Conference à Quatre has met, and has accepted all the points of the Railway Convention. The lines Belgrade, Vranja, Ueskueb, and Pirot, Sophia, Sarembej will accordingly be opened on October 15, 1885.—The Prince of Bulgaria has been to MONTENEGRO, on a visit to Prince Nikita.—In BELGIUM, M. Philippart, the well-known financier, has been surrendered by the French police on a charge of forgery, and a sensational trial is consequently expected.—From PERU we hear of two engagements between Chilian and Peruvian troops, in which the latter were routed.—In NEW ZEALAND the Supreme Court has convicted and sentenced to imprisonment the sub-chief Mahuki and twenty other natives who were concerned in the recent outrage upon Mr. Hursthouse, the Government inspector. He was captured, it may be remembered, in the country bordering upon the Waikato by a party of turbulent natives, led by Mahuki, who, with his men, was subsequently taken prisoner, and handed over to the authorities, by a powerful chief named Wahanui.—Further reports from SOUTH AFRICA state that the recent fighting between Usutu and Usibepu was probably due to the wish of Cetewayo to recover his wives, who, under the Wolseley settlement, had been handed to Usibepu. The King professes ignorance of the whole affair, but further fighting is expected.



THE QUEEN has returned to Windsor from the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty continues to gain strength, but for the present cannot undergo the fatigue of taking part in any public ceremony. Accordingly, besides giving up the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition, the Queen has been obliged to delegate the Princess of Wales to hold the two Drawing Rooms announced for this month. Her Majesty also receives as few visitors as possible, and before leaving Osborne the only guest entertained was the Rev. Henry White, who dined with the Queen on Sunday, after having performed Divine Service before Her Majesty and the Princesses at Osborne House. On Tuesday morning the Queen left Osborne, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig Holstein, and the baby Princess Alice of Albany, who has been staying with Her Majesty during her parents' absence. The Royal party crossed as usual to Gosport in the *Alberta*, the Queen being taken to and from the yacht in an easy chair, and came up to Windsor by special train.—Her Majesty sent two representatives and a floral wreath to the Dean of Windsor's funeral, and despatched Sir J. McNeill on Saturday to Portsmouth to inquire after those injured by the shell explosion near Gosport. The Prince and Princess of Wales have been joined at Marlborough House by their two sons, who have concluded their studies

at Lausanne. The Prince and Princess and their daughters went to the Royal private view of the Royal Academy at the end of last week, and the Prince on Saturday night was present with the Duke of Edinburgh at the Academy banquet, afterwards accompanying the Princess to the Opera. On Sunday, the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service. On Monday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their two sons, opened the Royal College of Music, and subsequently, with their daughters, were present at the Military Chess Tournament with living pieces in aid of the Hospital for Women and Children and the West End Hospital for the Nervous System. The Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh went to the House of Lords on Tuesday afternoon to hear the debate on the Sunday Opening of Museums, and in the evening the Prince gave a gentlemen's dinner party, at which the Duke and a large number of musical people were present. Meanwhile the Princess and her sons went to the Haymarket Theatre. On Wednesday night the Prince went to the Trinity House banquet, where the Duke of Edinburgh presided as Master; and next day the Princess held a Drawing Room on the Queen's behalf at Buckingham Palace, attended by the chief members of the Royal Family. To-day (Saturday) the Prince opens the Fisheries Exhibition, and will subsequently dine with the Fishmongers' Company.

The Duke and Duchess leave for Moscow next Tuesday, when their children will be sent to Coburg to stay during their parents' absence in Russia. The Duke and Duchess spent Saturday to Monday with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot, and on Tuesday night the Duchess went to the Opera.—The Duke of Connaught on Friday night was to preside at the festival dinner in aid of the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead. The Duchess's eldest sister, Princess Henry of the Netherlands, is shortly expected on a visit to the Duke and Duchess at Bagshot Park.

Another member of a deposed dynasty is to complete his education in England. Prince Louis Bonaparte, second son of Prince Napoléon, who has just passed his *baccalauréat es lettres* at Paris, enters Cheltenham College this month for two years' study until his period of military service commences. He will board with one of the masters, and, according to a Bonapartist journal, will visit the ex-Empress Eugénie twice a week.—The Crown Princess of Austria goes shortly to Laxenburg Castle, near Vienna, to await her confinement, the Crown Prince having been born at the Castle, where also the young couple passed their honeymoon. The Queen of the Belgians will join her daughter there, and special services will be held throughout the Empire for the Crown Princess's safety.—The Crown Prince of Germany returns to Berlin from Italy to-day (Saturday); but the Crown Princess and her daughter, Princess Charlotte, travelling strictly *incognito* as the Countesses Lingen, will extend their tour a little further.



THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY of St. Hugh's, at Cowfold, near the Partridge Green Station, on the Brighton line, is now approaching its completion. The church was to have been consecrated on Thursday last, when a large attendance of Roman Catholics and others was anticipated. St. Hugh's, when finished, will be the only Carthusian monastery in England, and the largest possessed by the Order in any country, covering no less than 9½ acres. The church is 300 feet in length, and 60 feet in height, and there are 3,600 feet of cloisters. The buildings stand in their own grounds of 600 acres, the freehold of which was acquired by the Order some time ago. The monastery has been built to accommodate the brothers who have been expelled from France.

CARDINAL MANNING has resumed daily Mass in the private chapel of Archbishop's House, Westminster. Hopes are now confidently entertained that he will be able to preside at the opening of the new Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill on the 31st inst.

THE REV. DR. SCOTT, Head Master of Westminster School, and joint editor with Dr. Liddell of the famous *Lexicon*, will resign his office at Midsummer. Dr. Scott was appointed to Westminster in 1855.

AT THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in the Memorial Hall, the Rev. Dr. Parker, D.D., was elected by a large majority President of the Union for the ensuing year.

THE QUESTION OF THE LAWFULNESS OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, and more especially of organs, as an accompaniment to the singing of Psalms in Presbyterian places of worship, decided long ago in the affirmative by the Established Kirk, now threatens to rend, even to disruption, the more austere Free Church of Scotland. 50,000 signatures, chiefly from Highland parishes, have, it is said, been attached to a petition praying the General Assembly of that Church not to sanction the innovation. The petitioners affirm that instrumental music during service is a dishonouring of God.

GENERAL BOOTH'S APPEAL against three several rates made by the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, in respect of the Grecian Theatre, was dismissed with costs on Saturday at the Middlesex Sessions—the fact that a music licence had been taken out for a portion of the building, and that the *War Cry* and books of hymns were sold in it, being held to show that the premises were not exclusively used for religious purposes. A case for a Superior Court was refused. The incident cast a shade of gloom over the Free-and-Easy at Exeter Hall later in the day, and the spirits of the company were still further depressed by the declaration of a mutinous soldier, whom the singing probably bored, that he feared the Army were too fond of making a noise. For this folly he was rebuked in fitting terms by Mr. Booth himself. Meanwhile the Army still disquiets the good folk of Geneva, in the neighbourhood of which city Miss Booth continues to linger; and it is rumoured that a learned jurist of Berne, a Dr. Koenig, has drawn up a document tending to prove that the Cantonal Council, in expelling the Salvationists, exceeded its legal powers—a view which is believed to be shared by the Federal authorities. The Geneva magistrates are still, however, determined not to tolerate Salvationist processions of the 360 soldiers whom Mr. Booth boasts he can now muster in that city.

THE CANONRY of WESTMINSTER, vacated by the death of Archdeacon Jennings, has been accepted, says the *Guardian*, by the Rev. C. W. Furse, Principal of Cuddesden Theological College for the last ten years, and previously Vicar of Staines for the like period. Mr. Furse is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, and has a high reputation as a sound Churchman and good preacher.

SOME EXCITEMENT has been caused among the English colony in Paris by the announcement that the Bishop of London has suspended the license of the Rev. J. C. Moran, for the last three years Chaplain of the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and that the Colonial and Continental Church Society, to whom the building belongs, have appointed Archdeacon Richardson, of Camden Church, Camberwell, as his successor. Mr. Moran, in a letter to his congregation, attributes his dismissal to the contest between him and the Society as to "the custody and application of the Church Renovation Fund—funds all of which have been raised personally by himself—and as to the plans for the renovation."

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION held this week its eighteenth annual meeting, Mr. J. M. Holt in the chair. "They were not," Mr. Holt

said, "a society for creating disturbances in parishes. So far from that, the Council had exercised great self-restraint, particularly in the Mackonochie case. The Bishop's justification of his action in that matter seemed to him to ignore the difference between truth and error."

THE 229TH ANNIVERSARY SERVICE of the Sons of the Clergy took place at St. Paul's on Wednesday. The overture was Sir A. Sullivan's *In Memoriam*.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye is drawing freely upon his inexhaustible repertory, *en attendant* the promised "revivals" and the long-desired novelty, in the shape of Ponchielli's *Giacinta*. Since our last he has produced *Marta*, the *Africaine*, the *Huguenots*, the *Puritani*, and *Faust*. That the event of the past week was the reappearance of Madame Pauline Lucca may at once be stated. The opera selected for that universally public favourite was the gorgeous *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, whose ideal Selika was at first Sophie Cruvelli, next Pauline Lucca, though neither of them had the honour of "creating" the part at the Paris Grand Opera, where the *Africaine* was first produced—that honour devolving upon Mdle. Sass. Since then, however, Madame Lucca has established her legitimate claim, both here and abroad, to acceptance as the Selika of our time, thoroughly realising Meyerbeer's dream of the Madagascan Queen. As such she was unanimously recognised on Saturday night, when her reception was as cordial as ever. It would be superfluous to enter into details about a performance so generally known and admired. Enough to state that Madame Lucca was never more impressive than in the fourth act, where Selika, to the consternation of her devoted minister, Nelusko, declares herself the wife of Vasco di Gama, or in the last, where, witnessing the departure of the ship, conveying away her lover, with Inez, his destined bride, she gradually expires under the overhanging branches of the poisonous Manzanilla tree. The whole was in its way superb. In the character of Nelusko, M. Devoyod, a barytone well known on the Continent, made a very successful *début* among us. He has many of the characteristics of M. Faure and M. Maurel, including faults (the "tremolo," so called) as well as excellences; he has a good voice, and is an actor of unquestionable intelligence and ability. We shall doubtless have many occasions to judge M. Devoyod dispassionately, and are mistaken if he be not speedily welcomed as an acquisition of value to Mr. Gye's company. The Vasco di Gama was M. Mierzwinski, as we all know, one of the most strenuous and powerful tenors of the Duprez school now existing. Some of the music written by Meyerbeer for his adventurous Portuguese mariner suits M. Devoyod well, and enables him to put forth with advantage his best qualities; but other portions do not seem exactly to consort with his peculiar idiosyncrasy; and his delivery of these, in consequence, leaves the critic in some doubt. The part of Inez was assigned to the new soprano, Mdle. Repetto. The choral and orchestral *ensemble*, with all the rest, was what we have been accustomed to at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Bevnigani was conductor. A word or two about *Marta* will suffice. The character of the romantic Lady Enrichetta was assumed by Mdle. Repetto, the new comer just alluded to. All we can say of this lady may be comprised in a sentence. She has a soprano voice, which requires further study to bring it under her control, as was convincingly proved in the spinning-wheel quartet, and afterwards in "Qui, sola, vergin rosa" ("The Last Rose of Summer," in which, however, she was indulgently applauded. *Voilà tout*. Mdle. Tremelli was a sufficiently lively Nancy, and the part of Lionello is certainly better fitted to the means of the new tenor, Signor Marconi, than that of Vasco di Gama, in the *Africaine*. It only requires to add that Signor Cotogni's Plunketto was excellent, and would have been better still had he given less "point" to the apostrophe of beer—"Take the beer so good to taste, Of all the drinks the best, Of which England is blest," as the late poet, Manfredi Maggioni has it, in his English version of the Italian words. M. Dupont, Signor Bevnigani's coadjutor, conducted this performance—no very difficult task, by the way. The *Huguenots* may be dismissed with equal brevity, as there was no special novelty in the cast. Madame Fürsch-Madi was Valentine; Mdle. Repetto, Marguerite de Valois; Mdle. Stahl, Urbain; Signor de Reszke, Saint Bris; Signor Cotogni, Nevers; and M. Gresse, Marcello. Madame Fürsch's Madi's Valentine has been recognised as an impersonation of incontestable merit, if not approaching the eminence attained by other Valentines vividly remembered among us, from Viardot Garcia and Giulia Grisi to Christine Nilsson and Adelina Patti. Madame Espetto's Marguerite may fairly be said to have advanced her step in public favour. By the way, to rival, if not surpass, the German operatic performances, would it not be wise occasionally, on the part of Mr. Gye and the Covent Garden Company, to present such masterpieces as the *Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *La Muette de Portici* (Masaniello) precisely as their respective composers gave them to the world? They might accommodate themselves to the circumstances now and then, if only to put a stop for a time to the German "high falutin." Every bar omitted from such works is high treason against Art. Madame Sembrich made her first appearance this season in Bellini's once so popular opera, *I Puritani*, and achieved a marked success. It can hardly be admitted that Elvira is a part exactly suited to her, either dramatically or vocally. Nevertheless, by devices of her own, including among the rest *staccato* high notes and other "ornaments" (of which Bellini never dreamed), she contrives to create a sensation; and this was especially to be noticed in the famous polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," for which she won an encore and two separate recalls. Another new comer, Signor Battistini, with a good voice and prepossessing appearance, though somewhat "stagey" in his gestures and demeanour, made, on the whole, a favourable impression. Signor Marconi was Arturo, and, though his sentiment is somewhat long drawn out, some of the music is well suited to his voice, and he sings it well accordingly. Signor de Reszke was Giorgio, the other Puritan chief, and he, with his associate, Signor Battistini, in the duet, "Suoni la tromba," recalled the memorable words of Rossini, who, writing from Paris to a friend at Bologna about the first performance of the *Puritani*, said, "As for the duet for basses, of course you heard it." The performance of *Faust*, on Thursday, is too late for notice in this week's *Graphic*. For to-night we are promised *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Sembrich for the first time here as Catarina, and another *débutante*, Mdle. Gini, as Prascovia. That convenient tenor, Signor Frapoli, who can sing any part at the shortest notice, and sing it, moreover, well, is cast for Danilowitz, while M. Gailhard is to represent the Czar, Peter.

WIFES.—The choice of the three new musical knights (although the first-named has declined the proffered honour), Gcorge Alexander Macfarren, Arthur Sullivan, and George Grove, together with the graceful words in which the Prince of Wales referred to them at the inauguration of the new Royal College of Music (for full accounts of which our morning contemporaries may be consulted) have—and no wonder—afforded general satisfaction.—Madame Adelina Patti has contracted a new engagement for America with Messrs. Gye and Mapleson in conjunction, at the

same terms offered her by Mr. Abbey, the "enterprising impresario" of New York—5,000 dollars for each representation, with 50,000 dollars lodged in advance as security. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, however, agreeing to the same terms, Madame Patti has declined the offers of Mr. Abbey, and sticks to her old colours. The transaction seems almost incredible; nevertheless, we have the best authority for believing that it is actually the fact.

THE ADVENTURES OF A DRAMA

YOUNG HORACE FUBBS wrote a play. He had read in the newspapers and periodicals of the dearth of dramatists, and how the British public and the critics were yearning and hungering for fresh dramatic talent; he had heard actors lament the lack of new and original pieces, and declare that there was a splendid opening for any man who could supply the want. Fubbs had dabbled in literature, possessed a very good knowledge of the drama ancient and modern, and of the stage practically, and by-and-by began to ask himself why he should not make a venture for the splendid prize. A few days afterwards he was seeking about in his inner consciousness for a subject, and one morning he found himself sitting before a sheet of paper and staring at the words: "ACT I. SCENE." He worked slowly at first, and was more than once on the point of committing his blotted scrawls to the flames. But after a time his work laid hold upon him, and he went on with all the fervour of a man whose budding hopes have never yet been nipped by the frost of rejection. He kept his play a profound secret from everybody, until it was completed and revised. Then came the consideration as to the best way of getting his maiden effort introduced to the crowd of eager, panting managers pining for such virgin freshness. Who should be the lucky man favoured with the first refusal? He hesitated about speaking to his theatrical friends, perhaps because by favouring one he feared he might make deadly enemies of all the rest—or perhaps he feared that his effort might not appear so beautiful and irresistible in their eyes as it did in his own.

While thus casting about for inspiration, he one day met Tompkins, a well-known provincial manager, with whom he had been acquainted some years. Eureka! Here was the very man to advise him. He invited him to dinner, and with the port and claret, after some show of modest hesitation, revealed his secret—and his MS. At the sight of the latter Tompkins's face elongated, but remembering the dinner he rallied again, and having mixed himself a fortifying glass of brandy and water, lit a cigar, selected the easiest chair in the room, and resigned himself to what he doubtless regarded as a severe infliction. By the time, however, that Fubbs' voice had become steady, and he had warmed beneath the genial influence of his own creations, Tompkins began to be interested, and at the end of the first act murmured "Good!" His interest and appreciation grew with each act, and by the time the author had arrived at the words "Picture, curtain!" and Tompkins had arrived at his third glass of brandy and water, it had culminated to something very like enthusiasm.

"You have written the best drama I have heard for many a long day," was his dictum; "well constructed, not too talky, with good situations, and with none of the impracticabilities of amateur dramatists. Smith of the Parnassus is the man for you; the leading part will suit him to a T, and your heroine will fit his leading lady like a glove. I know he's at his wit's end what to do just now, for Lord Spoonby is growling at the money that has been lost under his management. I should think he'd jump at a piece like this."

The prospect of the famous Smith, the ladies' pet, jumping at his play was a particularly delightful picture to Fubbs, and Tompkins, pocketing the MS., promised to see about it next day.

Soon after eleven o'clock on the following morning he presented himself at the stage door of the Parnassus. After a while the surly doorkeeper condescended to find a messenger to take up his card, and a few minutes afterwards he was being ushered across the stage, and up a dark staircase, at the top of which was a door leading into a handsomely furnished room. Smith was standing with his back to the fire, smoking a cigarette and reading letters. "Tompkins, old fellow," he said, shaking hands very heartily, "glad to see you! Why we've not met since we were at Liverpool together; that is a dozen years ago, at least. Some changes since then."

"Yes," answered Tompkins; "for the best, in your case, at least."

"Oh, I don't know; I was very happy on my five-and-thirty shillings a week—take the easy chair and light up, I can recommend those cigars, a present from the Duke of Belgravia—ambitious to act and with plenty of good parts. I sometimes wish I was back in the old time again." But Mr. Smith spoke very much in the tone of the rich parvenu who delights in recalling the days when he swept out the shop and slept under the counter—an experience so much more delightful in the remembrance than it was in the reality. "What do you say to a small bottle of fiz? I've got some here sent me by Lord Spoonby, '74 Monopole. I dined at his place at Richmond last night. My dear fellow, I envy you your nice snug little country circuit, it's much better than the worry and the risk and the bother of this great London theatre. Ah, it's killing work!"

Tompkins thought, as he glanced at the robust figure and complacent face, that the process was likely to be a slow one, and was rather an additional luxury than otherwise. But he kept the observation to himself, and inquired "How is business?"

"Hum! So-so. There is such a dearth of authors—not a good piece to be got; our stock authors have written themselves out, or the Parisians have, which is all the same. My stage is not large enough for railway collisions, or simious eccentricities, or I should have a go at them. There is a big chance now for a dramatic author who has got any stuff in him. I know I should be glad to give almost any sum for a good piece, and all my brother managers are singing the same tune."

"Then I think I've got the very thing you want," broke in Tompkins; "a thorough good piece, splendid parts for you and Miss Jones, and as an old friend I shall be delighted to make you the first offer."

Smith's repose of manner vanished in a moment. "Ah, that's very kind of you, but"—taking out his watch, "I must ask you to excuse me now, I have an appointment, and I'm so awfully busy."

"I tell you it is a good thing," persisted Tompkins, "and will be sure to hit the public."

"Who is it by?" inquired Smith, putting on his gloves.

"A very clever young fellow named Fubbs."

"Never heard of him."

"Well, I'll leave you the MS."

"My dear fellow," said Smith, with a cynical laugh, "do you suppose I can find time to read plays? Besides, I have three or four accepted pieces by me just now, enough to last me for the next two years."

"But I thought you said just now," persisted Tompkins, "that you were anxious to get a good play, and to pay almost anything for it?"

"So I am," replied Smith, "by a *known* man. When a new piece is announced the first question asked is, 'Who is it by?' If you give a well-known author's name, speculation is at once rife as to whether it will be as good as his last, or worse, as the case may be; curiosity is aroused, and people are ready to gratify it; but if you say it is by Jack Nobody, every one sneers, predicts a failure—and stops away."

"But any dramatic author must have had his first play accepted,"

still urged Tompkins. "Somebody must have ventured upon him first, unless he wrote plays in a previous state of existence."

"I suppose managers were more Quixotic in former days than they are now," was the answer, with a shrug. "My dear fellow, to be candid with you, I wouldn't have anything to do with your wonderful play if you were to pay me to produce it. Why, I would sooner play to empty benches with a good name at the head of my bill, than have a success with a nobody."

"Yes," thought Tompkins, "if I had a lord's money instead of my own to play with, I too might prefer to shelter my own want of judgment under a big author's name." But again he kept the observation to himself—and, highly disgusted, wished Mr. Smith good morning.

The next manager that Tompkins applied to was one who had taken up the managerial reins with a great flourish of trumpets about the elevation of the drama and the liberal principles upon which he intended to work. He listened very politely to Tompkins's representations, and then informed him that he had made up his mind for the future not to produce any new piece upon his own responsibility. "I will engage an actor or an actress with a new play upon terms, but I will take no risk."

"I'll try Jenkins, of the Leviathan," said Tompkins, nothing daunted. Although Jenkins had no acquaintance with our friend, he recognised the name upon the card as that of a well-known country manager, and thinking he was come to bargain for some of the dresses and scenery of his last year's pantomime, he received him very cordially. But the moment his visitor began to unfold the nature of his business his manner changed.

"The dialogue," said Tompkins, dilating on his theme, "is excellent, crisp—"

"Dialogue, my dear sir! what do we care about dialogue?" interrupted Jenkins with a sneer. "How many sensation scenes have you?"

"Well, one or two."

"One or two! My dear Mr. Tompkins, have you been asleep this last year or two? Why the public expect half-a-dozen in each act, and every peril incident from fire, air, earth, and water within the first six or seven. If you had a scene, now, in which a comet's tail comes in contact with the earth, or something of that kind that has never been done, I might call to you."

As the idea of the comet's tail had not occurred to Fubbs, Tompkins pursued the subject no longer, but took his leave, and as he went downstairs he heard Jenkins chuckling to himself, "Dialogue, dialogue!" as though to connect such a thing with the modern British drama was one of the most amusing jokes he had ever heard.

One manager offered to produce the play if the author would undertake beforehand to pay all the preliminary expenses for scenery, dresses, &c., to guarantee fifty pounds a night for the run, and allow him to select the company. It need scarcely be said that Tompkins did not accept this magnanimous offer. At more than one theatre he was treated with positive rudeness, and at all, had his small roll of paper been infected with the plague, managers could not have shrunk from it with greater repulsion. He was told by one or two he might leave it and it should be read in due time, but being perfectly convinced that the ribbon that secured it would never be cut, he declined.

At length Tompkins had the mortification to return the MS. to its owner with a confession of unmitigated failure. "But would it not have been better to have left it somewhere on the chance of its being read?" suggested Fubbs.

Tompkins assured him it never would have been read. Fubbs, however, being of a different opinion, afterwards sent it to several theatres, and, as Tompkins had predicted, it was returned unopened. He read it to some of his actor friends, who one and all pronounced it a capital play. "But, my dear boy," they added, "the difficulty you have to contend against is that you have got no name."

"And how am I ever to get one if no one will give me a chance of making it?" demanded Fubbs excitedly.

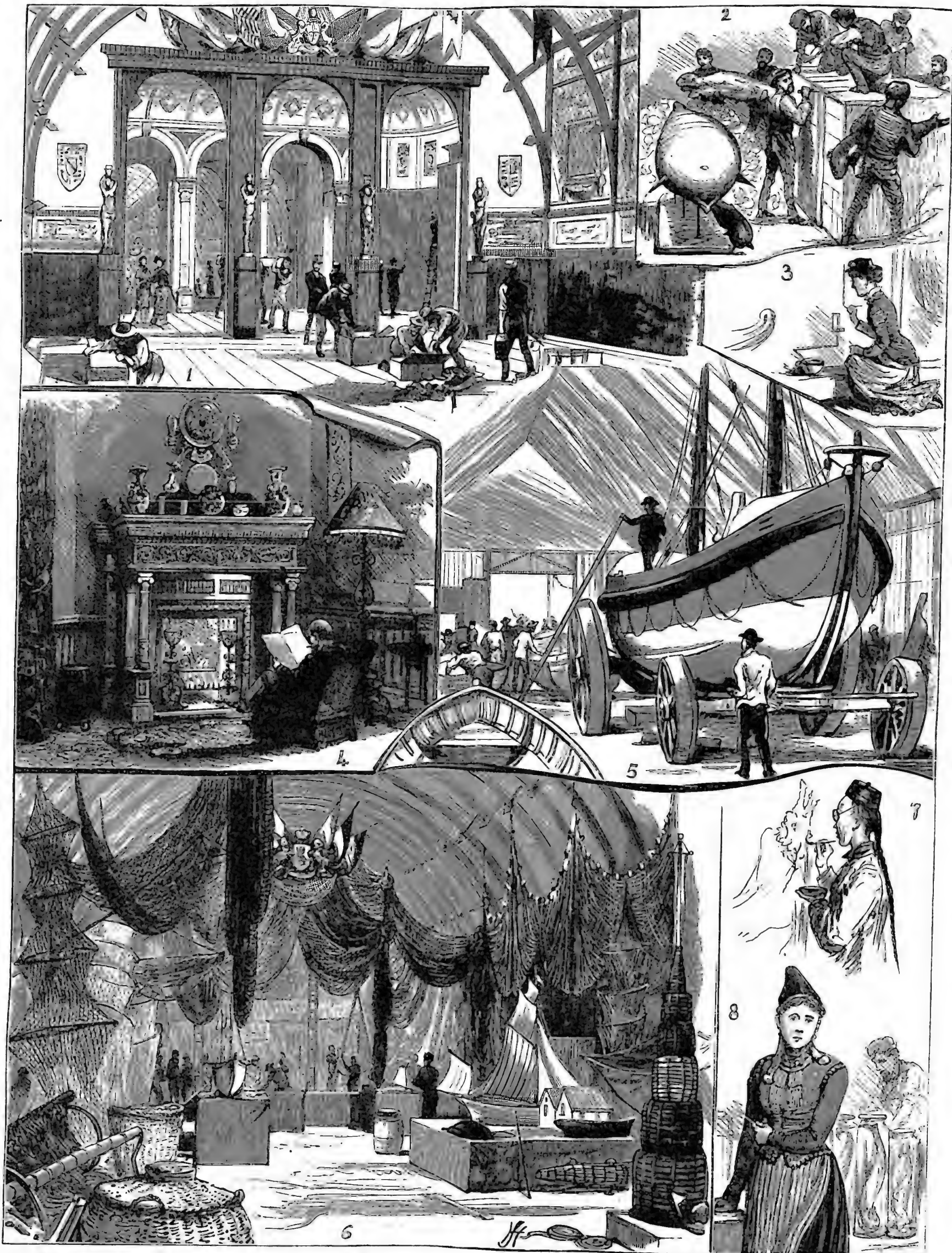
That was a problem that nobody seemed able to solve, and it was usually evaded by some one advising him to try So-and-so, naming a manager. He tried a good many So-and-so's. Every new manager that grasped the theatrical sceptre was certain to have Fubbs's play sent in, and as certainly sent it back unread.

Years have passed, and young Fubbs is now old Fubbs. He still hears of managers hungering and yearning for new plays, but he laughs derisively, and tells his story. He overlooks, however, one important fact—it happened long ago, in the dark ages of the drama, before the present liberal and enlightened *entrepreneurs*—who are all eager to bring forward rising genius—assumed the direction of theatrical affairs.

H. BARTON BAKER



THE TURF.—The Kempton Park Meeting was favoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales, and for the first time half-a-crown was charged for admission to the grounds. Whether this had the effect of making the company more select may be doubted; it certainly did not seem to diminish the average attendance. It seems that Epsom will soon be the only meeting within what may be called the metropolitan district at which the "many-headed" will be able to assist without producing the substantial silver coin above-mentioned. The racing at Kempton was very fair, and on the first day the meeting in the Westminster Cup of four such horses as Tristan, Wallenstein, Lucerne, and the notorious Irish horse Barcaldine, purchased some little time ago by Mr. Peck, was a very interesting event. Lucerne was made favourite, but was hardly in the hunt, and Barcaldine, who started nominally at 10 to 1 in consequence of his apparently backward condition, beat Tristan by a length, the latter, who showed some temper, giving the Irish horse 3 lbs. Perhaps in Barcaldine we have the best thoroughbred now in training. In the Stewards' Cup there was another surprise, as old Herald, who has perhaps run more races than any horse in England, beat Reputation and seven others, after starting the extreme outsider of the whole party. However, it was no very grand performance, as he only carried 7 st. 10 lb. to the 10 st. of Reputation. On the second day Reprise, now the property of Lord Grosvenor, followed up her Newmarket form by winning the Two-Year-Old International Stakes.—The weather has been most wretched at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, but the racing was an improvement generally on that of the previous gathering. It has not, however, been a favourable time for backers, as favourites came to grief pretty often. Exile II., for instance, ran second to Round Shot for the Visitors' Plate on Tuesday, and took the same unenviable position after Galvanic, in the Flying Handicap on Wednesday. Ladislas, too, a Derby favourite, could only get second to Splendour in the Payne Stakes; but as he carried the top weight in a field of eleven, he did not drop much in the Derby quotations. For this event Beau Brummel, Galliard, and The Prince remain about equal favourites at 5 to 1 each.—Golden Gate and Balliol, two of the early favourites for the Manchester Cup, have been scratched, and at the time of writing Knight of Burghley, Goggles, Primrose II., and Prestonpans head the list of quotations in the order named.—Lord Rosebery has



1. The Entrance Hall.—2. Unpacking Seals, Canadian Court.—3. A Lady Decorator.—4. A Corner in the Prince's Pavilion.—5. The Lifeboat Shed.—6. The Netherlands Court.—7. A Celestial Artist.—8. A Fair Swede.

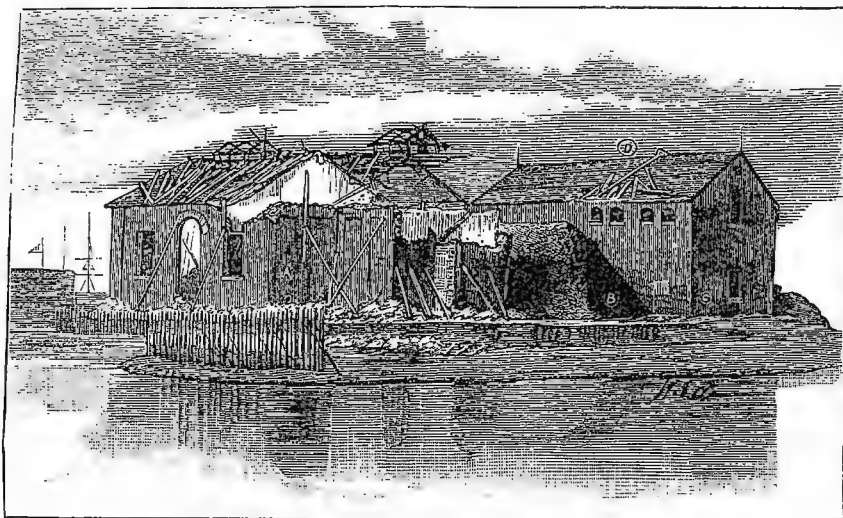
NOTES AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON



SIR PHILIP ROSE, BART.
Born 1816; Died April 17, 1883

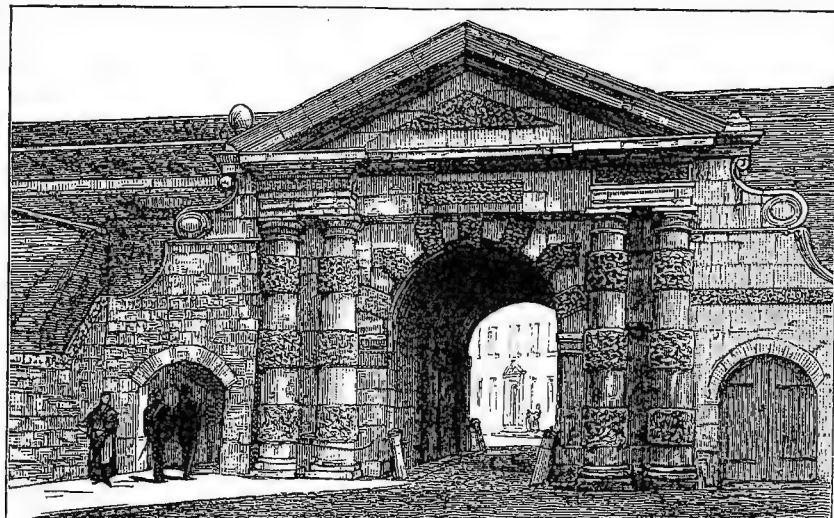


PRINCE BATTYANY
Born 1803; Died April 25, 1883



A. Present Appearance of the Building.—B. Earth Mound Between the Manufactory and the Magazine.—C. The Shell Magazine.—D. Debris Thrown on to the Roof of the Magazine by the Force of the Explosion.

THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT A SHELL MANUFACTORY AT GOSPORT



ANCIENT GATEWAY AT PORTSMOUTH, NOW BEING DEMOLISHED



THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT FREEMASONS' HALL, GREAT QUEEN STREET—THE SCENE OF THE CONFLAGRATION

effected a fair bit of nomenclature in calling his Cremona and Celerrima filly Fast and Loose.

CRICKET.—This game could have been played in December and January last with much greater comfort than it has been since the season opened. Hardly any one in their senses takes the field unless he is in a certain manner obliged to do so, as is the case with the unfortunate undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge. But fixtures of public importance have to be kept, and hence Sussex and the M.C.C. have antagonised at Lord's, the latter winning by 9 wickets. For the M.C.C. Dr. W. G. Grace, who has evidently not retired from the game, scored 17 and 21 (not out). There is a fluttering in certain dovecotes at the announcement that Lord Harris is about to move an amendment to Law X. of cricket by the addition of words to this effect: "If in the opinion of the umpire there is any doubt as to the fairness of the delivery, he shall call 'no ball.'"

FOOTBALL.—As the very last note of the season on this game, we have to put on record a very important Association match between the Blackburn Olympic, the recent winners of the English Association Challenge Cup, and the crack Midland team, the Aston Villa (Birmingham). A very large number of spectators were present on the Perry Barr Ground, and there was not much to choose between the two teams for favouritism. The game was very fast, and perhaps better "passing" was never witnessed. The Olympics, however, found their masters, and the Aston Villa eventually won by five goals to one.

AQUATICS.—We hear from the other side of the water that Hanlan and Ross have at last come to terms for a sculling match. The distance is to be four miles; the venue Ogdensburg, N.Y.; the date, July 18; the stakes, a thousand dollars a-side and the Championship of the World. This looks like business.—Over the Thames Championship Course J. Lloyd has easily beaten C. White. Both the lads hail from Chelsea.

LACROSSE.—The Lacrosse teams from Canada sailed from Portland for this country on the 3rd inst.—We regret that last week in a note on the match between Middlesex and Cambridge Counties, by a slip of the pen, as the context indicates, we wrote "Metropolitan" instead of "University," and so gave the victory to Cambridgeshire instead of Middlesex.

"ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY."—An angler, who is a disgrace to the fraternity of Waltonians, has recently been convicted of catching his neighbours' chickens by casting a baited hook over the poultry yard wall, and hauling in cock, hen, capon, or pullet as the case might be when he felt his bait fairly taken. This is a novel branch of "legering," and a decided case of "hooked foul."



IN speculative matters there is nothing like a practical test. For many years past Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have been made familiar with the proposition that their patrons are weak-nerved, listless folk, for whose entertainment it would be idle to attempt to produce any play in which strong passion or romantic incident should be prominent features. The "tea-cup and saucer school" of comedy, as it has been called (we may add very foolishly called, for there is assuredly as much of pathos and of the conflict of feelings and interests in that admirable little play *Caste* as is compatible with a story not of the tragic order), has been authoritatively declared to mark definitively the limits of prudent enterprise on the part of a management which more than any other has contributed to the remarkable revival of dramatic art of which we see now so many tokens. It happens, however, that no sooner has the management of the HAYMARKET lost its hold upon the late Mr. Robertson's plays than it has made a bold and brilliantly successful essay in the field of the tragic drama. For in no other class can we place M. Sardou's *Fédora*. The story of this play has long been made familiar to the public. A Russian Princess of an affectionate but fiercely passionate nature is led, by circumstances which seem conclusive, to the conviction that her betrothed has been murdered by Count Loris Ipanoff, in pursuance of a Nihilist conspiracy. Henceforth her life is devoted to a crafty scheme of vengeance. She follows the supposed assassin from St. Petersburg to Paris, inveigles him by her fascinations, and finally wrings from him a confession that it was indeed by his hand that her lover had fallen on the very eve of her intended marriage. But when, in the final act, the full explanation comes, *Fédora* learns that there had been no Nihilist conspiracy; that her lover had been faithful to her; that he had basely robbed his friend, Count Ipanoff, of the affections of his wife, since dead; and had been shot down upon the impulse of the moment, and under the greatest provocation. Meanwhile, as sometimes happens, the Princess in seeking to ensnare had been herself ensnared. A growing perception of Ipanoff's nobility of nature ripens into love on the discovery of his innocence and her former lover's treachery. They become united, but it is too late to undo the mischief done. The Princess's denunciations of the Ipanoff family have led to the imprisonment and death of a beloved brother and of an aged mother, broken-hearted at her misfortunes. Then comes the inevitable discovery. After a scene of bitter reproaches, and even of personal violence, *Fédora* seeks refuge from her anguish and remorse by drinking poison. It will be seen that we have here a sombre and a painful story. M. Sardou has laboured to furnish relief by comedy scenes rather loosely associated with the chief thread of interest; and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, in the respective characters of a French diplomatist, who is a high-minded and good-natured friend of the distressed, and a Russian countess, who flirts, and affects, in a half cynical, half humorous way, a weariness of life and its pleasures, contribute much in this direction. The complexion of the play, however, is, as we have already said, distinctly tragic, and its principal situations attain the highest level of serious interest, while they agitate and excite in no ordinary degree.

The important question of who was to succeed to Madame Sarah Bernhardt's already famous part of *Fédora* has been boldly, but happily, solved by the engagement of Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who, to the surprise of those who had hitherto known her only as an actress of handsome presence, with a very natural and pleasing style of acting, exhibited a remarkable command of passionate expression, coupled with a no less striking display of the extraordinary energy which the part demands. Her scene at the window of the apartment of her murdered lover, whence she watches with feverish impatience the descent of the police upon the house of the supposed assassin; her fierce exultation when she finally succeeds in gaining confirmation of her suspicion of Ipanoff's guilt; her subsequent unavailing remorse and agonising death scene, made a powerful impression on the audience. It is not too much to say that this excellent performance has placed Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the foremost rank of our serious actresses. Mr. Coghlan, as Ipanoff, was on the first night rather too given to rely upon the moderation and reserve and quiet concentration which he has so often found effective. Something of the comparative faintness of the impression he produced, however, seemed to be due to want of familiarity with what actors call the "pitch of the house," for the part of the Count is one essentially in his way, nor is there a living actor better qualified to give it effect. The minor characters, played by Mr. Brookfield,

Mr. Smedley, Mr. Carne, Miss Julia Gwynne, Mr. Everill, Mr. Stewart Dawson, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Miss Merrill, and other members of the company, are for the most part of little prominence or importance, but they are, without an exception, carefully played. The drama has been put upon the stage with great liberality, and, more important still, with excellent taste.

The Haymarket will enjoy no monopoly in the matter of dramas of Russian life. At the COURT Theatre, Mr. Clayton has revived the fine play by MM. Newski and Dumas, entitled *The Danischeffs*, of which the English version, by Lord Kilmorey, following upon a beautiful representation of the original French piece, was produced at the St. James's Theatre about six years ago. The revival is no hasty refurbishing of an old piece, but a careful reproduction, with picturesque and noble scenery, and richly appropriate costumes. Mr. Clayton repeats his pathetic performance of Osip with undiminished force; and he has found in his latest recruit, Mr. Conway, a very graceful and impassioned representative of the part of Count Vladimir. With Miss Louise Moodie, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Mackintosh in other leading parts, the cast will bear favourable comparison even with the remarkably strong company which originally represented this play in its English guise.

At the IMPERIAL Theatre, where, for the present, afternoon performances only are to be given, Mr. Edgar Bruce has once more revived *The Colonel*. Mr. Burnard's satire upon "Aestheticism," so cleverly engrafted upon a French stock, appears to have lost but little of its power to amuse. Mr. Bruce himself plays as he has often done in the country, as well as occasionally in town, the part of the Colonel; while Mr. Anson succeeds to that of Lambert Streyke, and Mrs. Stephens appears as Lady Tompkins. A very pleasing impersonation of Mrs. Forrester is also given by Miss Myra Holme. A more special feature of the performance is the appearance of Miss Lingard, the young actress who so recently sprung into fame, in the part of Mrs. Blyth. The character, though a little out of her province, is played with many happy touches.

The first of June is fixed for the final representation of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the LYCEUM. This being the 212th consecutive representation of this memorable revival, will be devoted to the benefit of Miss Ellen Terry. It will be followed by *The Lyons Mail*, and other brief revivals of popular pieces of the repertory of the theatre. Meanwhile a few Saturday performances of *The Bells* are to be given, commencing this evening.

Mrs. Billington will play the leading part in a romantic drama, entitled *Chained to the Oar*, written by Mr. Byron, which will be performed at the GAIETY on Thursday afternoon, May 31. The play, though it has been represented in the country, is new to London.

A new three-act eccentric comedy, by Joseph Derrick, entitled *Confusion*, will be produced at the VAUDEVILLE on Thursday, the 17th inst., at 2.30 P.M.

A new operetta, entitled *Between Two Fires*, written by Edward Oxenford, music by Jacques Greebe, will be produced at the BRIGHTON AQUARIUM next Saturday (19th inst.).



IN RESPONSE to a requisition addressed to the Attorney-General and signed by nearly 300 barristers, a general meeting of members of the Bar was held on Saturday in the Hall of the Middle Temple, to consider the expediency of appointing a Bar Committee to represent the profession to the outer world, and to regulate matters of domestic discipline. A committee of forty-two members, representing both the Inner and the Outer Bar, was nominated after some discussion, and will report the result of its deliberations to another general meeting, which will be held before the summer assizes. A proposal that barristers under ten years' standing should be more directly represented on the committee, chiefly on the ground that the heads of the profession were too much inclined to think that "every thing was for the best in the best of all possible worlds," was rejected. Among the matters to be taken into consideration will probably be the practice prevailing among eminent counsel of undertaking more cases than they can possibly manage, and handing over some to the juniors who "devil" for them.

MR. FR. FLEMING, puisne Judge of British Guiana, and formerly Attorney-General of Barbadoes, has been appointed Queen's Advocate of Ceylon in the place of Mr. Bruce Lockhart Burnside, who succeeds Sir R. Cayley as Chief Justice of that island.

A SEASONABLE LESSON to neglectful owners of small and often hastily run-up houses was administered last week in the City of London Court by Mr. Commissioner Kerr in the case of Cook v. Elvin. The plaintiff, a builder and contractor, sued the defendant, Mrs. Elvin, for 4l. 16s. 6d. arrears of rent for a house which, after eleven years of discomfort, she had been compelled to leave from the bad state of the drains. Mrs. Elvin on her part brought a counter-claim of 10l. for damages sustained by injury to health and loss of business, and for breach of a contract by which Cook had agreed to make the house habitable if she would pay 4l. a year more rent. Evidence as to the intolerable smell which had driven away lodger after lodger, and even Mrs. Elvin's own son, was given by people who had resided on the premises; and the Commissioner, brushing aside the futile plea that the illness was not proved to have arisen from the drains, found for the defendant both on the claim and for the counter-claim, with costs upon the higher scale, and a declaration (which other landlords would do well to bear in mind), that he would even "have given her a great deal more if he had been asked."

AT A MEETING of the Brentford Guardians last week letters were read from Dr. Whitmarsh to the Local Government Board declining to resign his post as medical officer for the poor of Hounslow, and to the Guardians, declaring that he had been "sacrificed on the altar of sensationalism, caprice, and slander." The Local Government Board have now adopted the only alternative Dr. Whitmarsh left them, and issued an order removing him from office.

A CURIOUS CLAIM, of wonderfully long standing, was decided this week by Mr. Justice Williams in the case of "Burne v. the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation." Mr. Burne claimed 100l. stock in the corporation, as administrator *de bonis non* of William Brydges, of Tiberton Court, in Herefordshire, the said stock being registered in the company's books in the name of William Brydges, of Gray's Inn Square, who seems to have made the investment in 1720, and died in 1764, without ever applying for any dividend, although the dividend in the first year—that of the South Sea Bubble—was no less than 25l. The defendants offered no evidence against the claim, and simply desired to be protected from all risks; and for this purpose a *mandamus* was granted to enforce the order of the Court declaring the plaintiff entitled to the stock and the 163 years' dividends. The costs will be paid out of the fund, which now amounts to 3,600l.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION of the High Court has discharged with costs the rule for a new trial in the action of Mr.

Munster, a barrister, residing at Brighton, v. Mr. Lamb, a solicitor of the same town, for statements made by the latter in a case heard before the Brighton magistrates. In the first trial for libel the plaintiff had been non-suited, and a new trial was moved for on the ground of misdirection. The Court, however, decided that the statements complained of, though unfounded and prejudicial to Mr. Munster's character, were "relevant and privileged" according to the rules laid down by leading authorities on the subject. The decision doubtless is good law, but the public generally would be better pleased if the power of advocates to make unauthorised statements for the purpose of throwing discredit on the other side were curbed by some more stringent disciplinary rules than appear at present to exist.

ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT from incautious toying with deadly weapons is reported this week from Bristol. The involuntary homicide was in this case a lady, the wife of Mr. Shaw, a retired publican, and the victim a young gentleman, who espied a revolver on Mr. Shaw's sideboard. Mrs. Shaw playfully declared that the pistol was a great pet of hers, and in proof thereof pointed it at the youth's head, when it went off, and inflicted a wound, of which he died. A charge of manslaughter was preferred at the police court, but was dismissed by the magistrate, who deeply regretted that the lady should have been brought before him under such "distressing circumstances." "*Poverello*," as the Italians used to say, "he has killed a man."

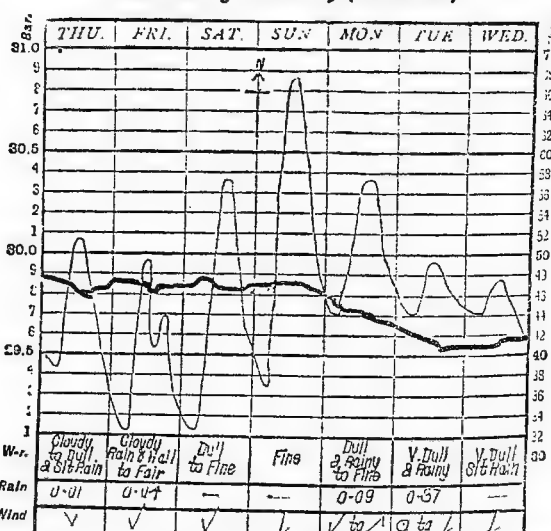
FEMININE COMPETITION FOR EMPLOYMENT in the United States is beginning to weigh very heavily upon the men. Under the new Civil Service Law, women are equally eligible with men to compete for Government offices, and the innovation has caused considerable commotion in Washington, where female labour is already extensively employed in the State Departments, and the men find their positions seriously threatened.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE QUESTION recently caused some trouble at a State ceremony in India. The Governor of Bombay held a Durbar one Sunday, and the military authorities, holding to the standing rule that no salutes shall be given on the Sabbath, sternly refused to allow a single gun to be fired. The dispute waxed hot, and at last the Governor gave a written order for the salute, and, holding this, the gunners fired under protest.

A JAPANESE PRINCE'S IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE are not very favourable to European civilisation, to judge from the criticisms of Prince Arisouga, the Mikado's uncle, who has lately returned home from an extended foreign tour. The Prince found Berlin a huge barrack utterly destitute of gaiety and comfort, Russia was so sombre and severe that he felt depressed and alarmed, while he could like nothing in Republican Paris, with its *bourgeois* President and total absence of a Court. Rome pleased him better, and King Humbert was agreeable, but the Italians were so flattering and deceitful that he first suspected and then disliked them, so that finally Vienna was the only capital where he enjoyed himself, as the people were courteous without being obsequious, comfort and luxury reigned everywhere, and he was free to please himself. As to the United States, he went there intending to make a long tour, but a short experience was enough for him, and he merely crossed the country, disgusted with American egotism, liberty-taking, and rapacity.

THE PARISIANS have recently been alarmed at the extent to which the edibles of their city are being adulterated, and it will be interesting to English temperance visitors to Paris to learn that out of 25 varieties of mineral waters tested at the Municipal Laboratory 15 were recognised to be absolutely dangerous. The analysis of 442 specimens of wine was no less condemnatory; only 78 were found to be genuine; 50 were passable, 302 were bad, without being directly harmful, and 12 were of a nature to injure the health of the consumer. As to articles of confectionery, only one specimen in 20 was found commendable, and no less than 18 were explicitly condemned. It is very evident, remarks the *American Register*, that these revelations can hardly be appreciated by the vendors of these articles, and it is now announced that, owing to the representations made to the Prefect of Police by the Syndical Chamber of wholesale wine merchants, the publication of the experiments made at the Municipal Laboratory is in future to be suppressed. The results of any tests are to be communicated directly to the persons having offered the specimens for analysis, but no public report of the operations is henceforward to be made. Truly an all-round victory for the fraudulent purveyors.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM MAY 3 TO MAY 9 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been dull, cold, rainy, and unsettled. Pressure was fairly steady the first part of the week, but has fallen slowly during the latter half, while its distribution has been varied and irregular. On the first day, Thursday (3rd inst.) barometrical readings were rather uniform generally, and the weather dull, with some rain, and light north-westerly winds. Friday and Saturday (4th and 5th inst.) found pressure distribution much altered, and the prevailing weather dull and showery, with some hail and bright intervals on the first-named day, and fine weather on the last-mentioned day. Light winds blew from the north-eastward. Sunday (6th inst.) found the barometer again fairly steady, and fine weather was experienced, with light north-easterly winds. The centre of a depression lay near Scilly on Monday (7th inst.), and the barometer fell slowly, with rain at first, and some brighter weather later. Tuesday (8th inst.) found the mercury still receding gradually, and during the morning hours a heavy gloom existed, which was followed by a rainy afternoon and evening. Some improvement set in on the last day, Wednesday (9th inst.) of the period, but next day the rain began again. The average temperature for the week has been decidedly low. The barometer was highest (29.88 inches) on Thursday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.52 inches) on Tuesday (6th inst.); range, 0.36 inches. Temperature was highest (67°) on Sunday (6th inst.); lowest (33°) on Friday and Saturday (4th and 5th inst.); range, 34°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.51 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.37 inches, on Tuesday (8th inst.).

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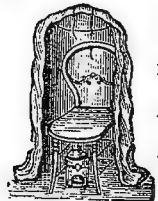
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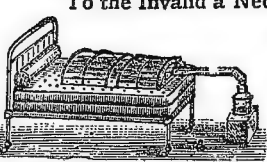
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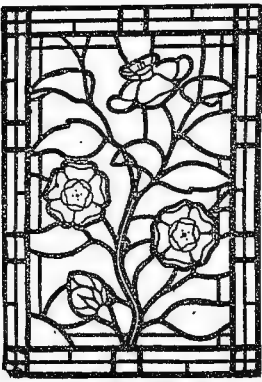
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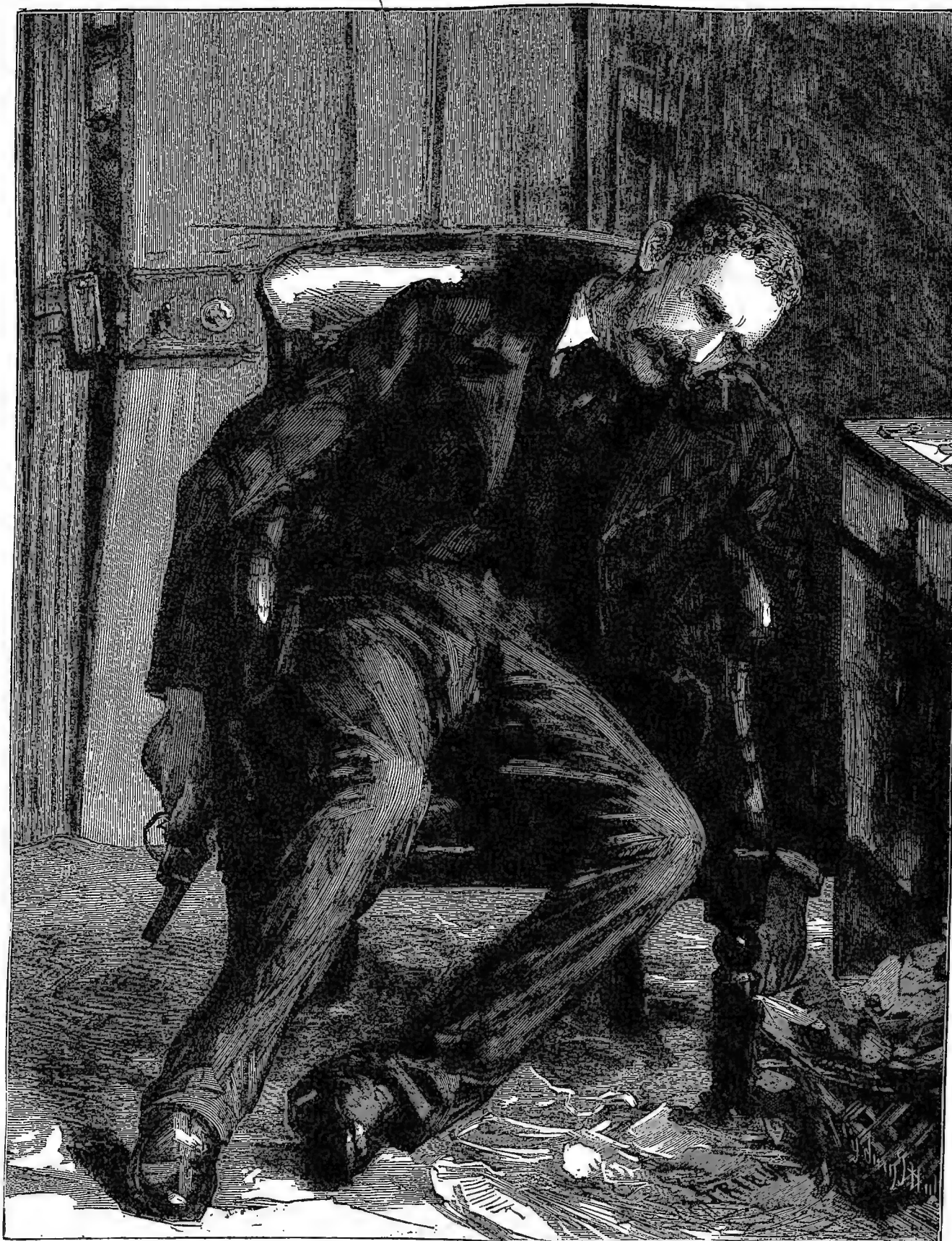
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897, £5396 Class 898, £5402 Class 899, £5408 Class 900, £5414 Class 901, £5420 Class 902, £5426



DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

Mario Masi sat in the editorial easy chair. His head, supported against the back of it, was inclined to one side; his right hand hung down with a revolver still grasped in it; a stream of blood trickled from his right ear.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN compliance with the Signora Nina's request, the three men with whom she had spoken agreed to keep a watch on Masi, and distract his mind, if possible, from brooding on gloomy thoughts. Silvotti did not much believe in the necessity of any such distraction. Who had ever seen Mario Masi out of spirits? It was his creed to dismiss unpleasant considerations from his mind, and he acted on it.

In fact, when they made an excuse connected with the business of the newspaper to call on him the following day (Friday) at the office, Masi certainly showed no symptoms of melancholy. It had become known to the more intimate circle of those who frequented Casa Guarini that Masi was betrothed to the pretty English girl whom they all liked. And it was generally imagined that she would have a good dowry. Not that this had ever been stated—or even hinted—by any one likely to be well informed; but she was known to have a rich uncle. And, besides, money was considered to be almost as inevitable an appurtenance to English people as their accent. Bini and one or two of the set thought there was no

fear of Masi falling into despondency with the prospect of a good marriage to help him out; but others remarked that Masi had a peculiarly sensitive pride and independence in money matters, and that if he could bring nothing in the shape of an equivalent for the bride's fortune to the common stock, the projected marriage might evaporate into air altogether.

Dr. Angeloni was peculiarly beloved and respected by his own party, and considerably feared and respected by his political adversaries. He was a man who could take it on himself to cross-examine Masi as to the prospects of the *Tribune*, without fear of being deemed impertinently meddlesome. Masi answered him quite frankly up to a certain point. Then at length he said lightly, "Who knows how things will go? There is one chance,—a combination, which I am now negotiating, and which may succeed. If that fails—"

"You will suspend the publication of the journal?"

"Suspend it? Well, yes; if you like to put it so,—as one may call death a suspension of breathing!" And Masi laughed as he said it.

The four men (Giorgi and Silvotti being of the party) sat

smoking and chatting in the dingy office which was the editor's private sanctum. The outer office was larger. The two rooms did not communicate with each other directly, but were separated by a landing of the common staircase. The party talked of all sorts of subjects, except the *Tribune of the People*. After the few words exchanged between Dr. Angeloni and Masi, the newspaper was not mentioned among them. Presently Masi said he had one or two letters to write which must be ready by to-morrow; and he would profit by that half-hour of leisure to get them off his mind. Silvotti lounged on a bench. Angeloni was installed in the one easy chair. Old Giorgi sat at the rickety table, around which Colonel Smith-Müller, and Chester, and Masi had been gathered on the occasion of the proposition respecting the rifles for Greece. Giorgi was reading the newspapers of the day, a pile of which, of all political colours, lay at his elbow. And opposite to him sat Masi, who, with a cigar between his teeth, was steadily covering sheet after sheet of note paper.

"Come," said Angeloni, looking at his watch; "shall we dine together? Let us go to the Falcone, and have a dinner *alla Romana*! I haven't done that for a year and more. Come,

let us drink to the success of the *Tribune* in a pint of *Vino dei Castelli*!"

"Yes, directly; when I've done," muttered Masi indistinctly, still holding the cigar between his teeth.

"Your cigar has gone out," observed Silvotti.

"Has it? So it has. I never can keep a weed alight whilst I'm writing. It's prophetic, you see, of what Angeloni calls the *suspension of the Tribune*!" said Masi, writing the addresses on some envelopes.

"It only wants a good puff or two, my dear fellow."

"The *Tribune*?"

"No; the cigar."

They all laughed; and Masi, rising from the table, flung the letters he had written into a drawer, and declared himself ready.

"I say, Masi, you are becoming a formidable rival to Telemaco Bini," cried Silvotti, as he led the way downstairs.

"As how?"

"By developing a new gift of letter-writing."

"Ah! You see when an affair has to be wound up, and is approaching the end, there are always one or two epistolary matters to settle," answered Masi. Then he went back a few steps, missing Giorgi, who had lingered behind, and calling to him to come. The old man limped out of the office after the rest, and they all proceeded to dine together at the well-known restaurant which Dr. Angeloni had suggested.

It has been recorded that Giorgi was a *gourmand*; and of all the party he would ordinarily have been the one most keenly to enjoy the dinner and the good wine set before them. But this evening he was absent in his manner, and seemed to eat and drink without knowing what he was swallowing. Before they broke up, Dr. Angeloni drank to the success of the *Tribune*. And then Silvotti declared that he also had a toast to propose. As they were there *en petit comité*, all friends and colleagues, he hoped Masi would allow him to drink to a fair and amiable young lady whom they all knew and respected,—*la Signorina Violetta*! And to her name he would add that of—

"Don't add any name," interrupted Masi, laying his hand on the other man's arm.

"I thought," said Silvotti, looking at him in surprise, "that it was permissible to make a *brindisi* to the *spesi*."

"There are no *spesi* in the case. The young lady in question, whom we all honour and admire" (here there was a warm murmur of assent from all), "is, to the best of my belief, perfectly free. I drink her health with all my heart."

He stood up, emptied his glass, and threw it on the ground, breaking it into a hundred fragments. There was silence for a second or two. Then Masi said gaily, "The goblet shall never be used to celebrate a less worthy toast. And now I must pay the waiter, who probably won't see the romance of the thing *gratis*!"

Whilst the bill was being paid, Giorgi drew Dr. Angeloni aside, and whispered to him hurriedly, "I wanted to tell you;—I fancy—I cannot help fancying,—that one of those letters which Masi was writing at the office was directed to me."

"To you?"

"Yes. I only caught a glimpse of the cover; but I think it is so. Now why should he write a letter to me sitting there opposite to him? I don't like the look of it."

Neither did Angeloni like the look of it. But there was no time to discuss the matter further.

"Where are you going now, Masi?" asked Angeloni as they left the restaurant. Masi said he was going to the printing-office, which was some distance from the editor's office of the *Tribune*. At a sign from Angeloni, Silvotti offered to walk with Masi to the printing-office, an offer which was accepted without difficulty. And before they separated Angeloni said, "I shall look you up to-morrow, Masi, about that new contributor who wants to write for the *Tribune*. I'm not sure that I'm doing my duty by the *Star of Progress* in letting you have such a capital article instead of securing it for ourselves, but—"

"Oh, my dear Doctor, I quite understand. The new contributor is too moderate for you! The *Tribune* does admit an occasional shade of rose-colour. But for you—oh, uncompromising Cato of the Extreme Left!—there must be no tint but the purest and most unadulterated scarlet."

So they parted with a jest, and an appointment to meet on the morrow.

The next day, Saturday, Silvotti was at the *Tribune* office early, but Masi had not yet appeared there. The errand boy, lounging on a stool in the outer office, announced that the *Signor Capitano* (for so he was still styled among them) had taken away with him the key of the editor's room last night; he (the boy) did not know why. After about half an hour Masi came in. He was paler than usual, but otherwise unchanged. And when Silvotti observed that he looked fagged, he answered that he was tired.

"I don't think I ever heard you say that you were tired before, in all the time I have known you!" said Silvotti.

"If I had felt tired I should have said so," replied Masi, simply. And it was doubtless true. There was nothing of the Stoic about him.

"Well?" said Silvotti, "and the combination?"

"Failed. I had a letter at my lodging this morning."

"And the paper?"

"To-day's is the last issue. I have given orders at the printing office."

Silvotti was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Well, *caro Masi*, I am sorry. And yet in one sense it is better that the thing should be settled, and you free from anxiety. It is over now."

"Yes; it is over."

"I expect Angeloni here by and bye. You know he said he would come to speak about that contributor."

"Poor contributor!" said Masi, with a laugh. "His hopes of fame from the columns of the *Tribune* are extinguished. Here is the very last number of that journal which will ever illuminate the darkness of the Right, or the ignorance of the Ministry," he added, taking up that morning's paper, still damp from the press.

"Oh, I don't despair of seeing it rise again from its ashes," said Silvotti, smiling.

Masi took a key from his pocket. "I carried this away with me last night," he said, "because there are some papers in my private office that I did not wish pruned into." Then he put the morning's *Tribune* into Silvotti's hand, and left the room. He turned back for a moment to say, "When Angeloni comes send him into the private office, will you?"

"All right," answered Silvotti, nodding with his eyes fixed on the newspaper he held in his hand.

In a little while old Giorgi's limping step was heard in the ante-room, and he came in. And his first inquiry as he glanced anxiously round the room was "Where's Masi?"

"In his office," replied Silvotti. "I fancy he is destroying some private papers that he would not like to fall into the wrong hands."

Giorgi sat down and wiped the perspiration from his bald head. "How does he seem?" he asked.

"Quite cheerful. I think he is really relieved to know that the worst is over."

They sat without speaking for a few minutes. Then Silvotti said, "Listen! He has shut the door of his room. I heard it clap to."

"I've a good mind to go in," said Giorgi.

* Wine grown in the neighbourhood of Rome, at Genzano, Marino, Velletri, and other places.

"Perhaps it is better not. He told me to send Angeloni to him as soon as he should arrive."

"I wish Angeloni would come!"

"Here he is!" cried Silvotti, as the thin, aristocratic face of the Republican doctor appeared in the doorway.

When Angeloni heard the message left for him by Masi, he said he would go and speak with him at once. He crossed the landing which divided the editor's room from that in which they were; but in half a minute returned saying, "He has fastened the door inside."

The three men looked at each other, and then Silvotti bounded across the landing and threw himself against the door. It had not been locked inside, but a fold of the matting which covered the floor had impeded its opening.

Mario Masi sat in the editorial easy chair. His head, supported against the back of it, was inclined to one side; his right hand hung down with a revolver still grasped in it; a stream of blood trickled from his right ear.

"My God!" cried Giorgi, "that noise we heard when we fancied the door had clapped to—!"

Angeloni, with his professional coolness and promptitude, went up to the easy chair, motioning the others back with his hand. After a few seconds he turned round.

"He is quite dead," he said. "And death must have been instantaneous. He did not suffer."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE letters written by Masi on the previous evening were found in the drawer where he had flung them. There was one to his old uncle, Don Gennaro, the country priest, far away in the Abruzzi. Another was to a political personage, who had been the medium of carrying on various negotiations with the object of supporting the newspaper. A third envelope was addressed to Giorgi. The old man's eyes had not deceived him. Masi had coolly written to him his last instructions, sitting there face to face. The envelope contained also another and far bulkier letter to Nina Guarini, which must have been written previously. The letter to Giorgi was as follows:

"DEAR GIORGI,—

"I entrust to you the task of telling the news of my death to the Signora Nina. Do not, if you can help it, let her hear it in any other way. When you have prepared her, give her the enclosed letter. All my papers in the office are open. I have no business secrets. Forgive me for imposing this trouble on you, and impute it to my confidence in your sense and courage and fidelity. Thanks for all. My greetings to Angeloni, Silvotti, Bini, and all friends. Farewell. "MARIO MASI."

The letter to Nina Guarini ran thus:

"DEAREST AND BEST FRIEND,—

"It is better so. You, who know me thoroughly, will think so before long. If there had been any immediate chance of a war, I might have waited and volunteered into the ranks, for the hope of giving—or taking—a few hard knocks before the end. But that does not seem to be coming just yet. Everything looks very tiresome. It is better to finish it. I told you long ago that when I gave up the *Tribune* I should give up a great many other things at the same time. At all events I fall at my post. When a man pays his life, his creditors can expect no more. You know, dear Nina, that it would not have suited me to endure a long struggle with troubles. I should most certainly have ended it sooner or later, and it is better to leave Violet free than a widow. You were right about all that. You are always right. It was a foolish fancy, and would never have answered for life. She will be far happier without me. Not just at first, but some day. I wrote her a letter last night, saying that I was about to start on a long journey, and that I released her from her engagement. It may serve to prepare her for the truth.

"Now I want you, my dear friend, to relieve Violet's mind from any remorse of conscience. There is not the slightest real ground for her to feel any; but you know what she is, my poor little Puritan! Tell her that everything was done for me that could be done. And, if you think well, show her the enclosed. I answered it by post. It is a handsome offer; and she will see that I did not come to the end for want of help. But you know I would never have accepted money which there was no chance of repaying. If the combination with M. could have been effected, good! If not, not.

"And, after all, how much better to drop the curtain and put out the lights when the best of the play is over! The best is over for me. It has been a very good play, and I have enjoyed it. Don't be sorry, dear Nina. Good night.

"Your most affectionate

"MARIO."

The note alluded to, which was enclosed in the letter, was from William Chester. It contained an offer, couched in a few simple phrases, to assist Captain Masi with a loan, if he thought such assistance would be of solid and permanent use to him. Chester wrote: "As a relative of the lady whom you are engaged to marry, and in whose happiness I am much interested, I have thought myself justified in making this proposition, which, from a stranger, might appear to be merely an unsolicited intrusion into your affairs."

The manner of this note was formal and business-like; but its purport moved Nina Guarini more than the finest phrases could have done. She knew, as Masi had not known or guessed, what a noble self-forgetfulness, what a generous sacrifice of feeling were represented by those simple words. She was sensible of this even in the first shock of reading Masi's letter, after Giorgi had brought her the news of what had happened. In truth, there had been little room for preparation. The first glimpse of the old man's face announced calamity. And it was not many minutes before she had guessed the worst. "Tell me it all," she said. "Spare nothing." And Giorgi narrated in detail all the events of last evening and of that morning: the writing of the letters, the dinner at the Falcone, the toast, the final terrible scene in the office. Angeloni had been there, and his presence was a guarantee that nothing had been neglected. But it was all over. There had been no struggle, no suffering. Masi had proceeded with the coolest deliberation, and had even taken measures that the noise of the shot should be deadened, by his way of putting the revolver to his ear; so that, in fact, nothing had been heard but a dull, faint shock, which they had taken for the shutting of a door. Giorgi told it all clearly and unflinchingly. And now, he said, they must think of the living. Nina felt that she had never done justice to the old man's strength of character. The truth was, he rose to the occasion, with a curious pride in Masi's having relied on him. His usual querulous sharpness had disappeared. He was gentle, helpful, and prompt.

"To you," said Nina. "I confide the care of keeping this from our poor girl. She must not know it roughly or suddenly. She must not know it at all for some time to come. Thank God, Mario wrote that letter to her, saying that he was going away. It gives us time. Go to the aunt. Keep watch and ward. Don't leave the house. Don't let a newspaper find its way to Violet. I will come to her when I can command myself, and be sure that my face will not betray me. Meanwhile there is one person among them all who can be trusted: Kitty, the servant maid. Tell her everything. You may rely on her sense and devotion. Take my carriage. It is waiting at the door for Beppe. I will explain to him."

The necessity for action nerved Nina to throw off that prostration which follows a great shock. "I can cry afterwards," she said to herself. "It is always time enough for that." One of her first thoughts was to send for Chester. On him she chiefly relied to sustain Violet. He had proved what a warm and noble heart beat under that quiet undemonstrative exterior. Also she would take his advice about telling Mr. Higgins this news. He lodged, as will be remembered, in the same house with the Higginses; and Nina begged her husband to go himself, and bring Chester back with him.

It was still early in the forenoon, and Beppe found the young Englishman within. He was in his bedroom, with an open portmanteau on the floor, and piles of clothes scattered on the bed and on chairs, ready to be packed up. Beppe, in a few hurried words, told him that the Signora Nina begged him to go to her at once. Something dreadful had happened to poor Masi. He would hear all about it from the Signora. There was a cab waiting at the door. He was implored not to delay. Chester had seized his hat, and was half way downstairs before the words were well spoken.

"Something happened to Masi?" he said, looking at the other man's agitated face when they were in the cab. "But what?—How?—I have a letter from him in my pocket which came by the early post this morning! He was quite well then."

But Beppe retired behind his pocket handkerchief, weeping in the most unaffected manner, and left all further explanation to his wife. He had the ready Italian sympathy with disaster, and the ready Italian willingness to show it. And neither were at all checked by the manner of Masi's sudden end. No thought of blame,—no sense even of awe at this violent deed,—crossed the mind of any of Masi's friends for an instant. It was most terrible and tragic to think of his having been driven to destroy himself; but the horror did not reach beyond.

The sight of Nina's white, tearless face startled Chester more than her husband's expressions of grief had done; and the news she had to tell shocked him unspeakably. And he was not only shocked: he was bewildered. He did not comprehend it. Things could not, surely, have been so desperate as to drive Masi to this frightful resolution! Assistance he knew had been proffered—. "Yes," interrupted Nina; "most generously proffered. I have seen your noble letter." How, then, could it have been? What could have been the terrible prospect before Masi which rendered such a hideous alternative preferable?

How much more hideous that alternative appeared to Chester's mind than it had seemed to Masi's, Nina did not fully know. But she in a great measure divined it. "And then," continued Chester, "to leave Violet! To abandon the poor, loving girl in this slough of misery, instead of staying to shield and spare her! Was not that aim enough to make a man cling to life?"

"Well, well," said Nina, in a dry choking voice, "he is past our help, or our sympathy, or our blame, poor fellow! Let us, as Giorgi wisely and bravely said, now think of the living."

Then she told Chester of the means she had taken to keep the news from Violet for the present. She was sure that Giorgi would not abandon his post. He would watch over the girl faithfully, and so would Kitty Low. But Violet would need better comfort than either of these could give her. "The poor child will be in grief enough as it is," said Nina, "at the thought of his going away. It was a blessed inspiration of Mario's to write to her in that sense. Violet's good angel must have put it into his head. It accounts for her not seeing him. It accounts for so much!"

"The first thing we ought to do," said Chester after a brief pause of anxious consideration, "is to get her out of Rome."

"You are right! You are thoroughly right!" answered Nina, eagerly. "But how is it to be managed?"

Chester said that Mr. Higgins must be told the whole truth without delay. As for his wife, they must leave it to him to decide; but Chester was strongly of opinion that the only sure means of preventing her from blurting out a sudden word to Violet was to keep her in ignorance. "What she does not know she can't reveal," said Chester. "But in such a case as this I own I have small confidence either in Mrs. Higgins's head or heart." He undertook to tell Mr. Higgins, and no time must be lost. Every day, every hour, that Violet remained in Rome now was dangerous. She would probably offer no opposition to being taken away, now that she believed Mario was no longer there. Nina promised him to remain at home until the evening. Violet would probably hasten to her friend with the news contained in Mario's letter. If she did not, Nina would go to her after dusk. And then William Chester hurried away to perform the task he had undertaken.

A few paces from the door of the boarding-house, he came upon Colonel Smith-Müller, who was just leaving it. The fellow had a strange air on him, compounded of triumph and apprehension. There was a smile of victorious cunning on his face, and he swaggered, and shouldered the passers-by with bullying insolence. But his restless eyes glanced furtively from side to side of the street, and occasionally he turned his head to glance over his shoulder. He walked more quickly than was his habit, too; and he kept one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, which was buttoned up to the chin. He became aware of Chester while the latter was still at some distance from him, and seemed anxious to avoid him. But being compelled to pass close to him, he lifted his hat with a mocking flourish and a boastful laugh, which sickened Chester. The Englishman was assailed by a sudden fear lest Smith-Müller should have anticipated his errand to Mr. Higgins. But as he mounted the stairs he said to himself, "No, it is impossible that even that ruffian could be publicly swaggering and grinning at this moment if he knew what had happened. He cannot have heard it yet." But the incident brought home to him more forcibly than ever that no time must be lost in revealing it to Mr. Higgins. Chester sent a message begging Mr. Higgins to come to him in his room. And before many minutes had elapsed Uncle Joshua appeared there.

Before Chester could speak, the old man began. "Well, I have succeeded! I have succeeded! I told you I had a plan. A man that has seen as much of the world as I have was not likely not to get his own way in such a matter. It has been a pretty expensive job first and last. But I don't mind a score of pounds more or less, when I know the object is a wise one, and a just one, and calculated for the good of my family."

Whilst Chester was considering in what form of words to communicate that which he had to tell, and paying not much heed to the other's speech, Mr. Higgins suddenly spread out before him on the bed a paper bearing the signature of Mario Masi.

Chester started back at the unexpected sight of that name. "What is this?" he cried.

"You can see what is," returned Mr. Higgins. "It is an undertaking to release my niece Violet from her engagement, in consideration of a sum of money paid over by me to Captain Marsy for that purpose. It ain't many uncles, let alone great-uncles, that would do as much. But that is my character. And besides, the child is a good child, and if she has been wrong it has been from inexperience and the natural weakness of the female mind when left to itself. She is free now, and some day she will thank me for it."

"She is free, indeed," answered Chester, in a low voice. "But her freedom has come in a very strange and terrible manner—by death—by a sudden and violent death." Then laying his hand on the old man's arm, he said gently, "You have strength of character to bear a great shock. Masi is no more. He shot himself this morning."

"Merciful Lord!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, falling back into a chair. But after a second or two he started up again, crying, "But

it is impossible,—impossible! There is some error. He sent me this paper not half-an hour ago. The ink was scarcely dry. Why you must have met the man who brought it. He hadn't left me five minutes before you sent for me."

"Was it he who brought it?" Chester seized the paper and examined it carefully. It was a clumsy forgery. Masi's writing had been imitated very roughly, either from carelessness or want of skill; and the style of the phraseology was unlike his. But this Mr. Higgins had not been able to detect. The bad English seemed to him quite natural. Struck by a sudden idea, Chester demanded if Smith-Müller had received any money.

"To be sure! He was empowered by Masy to manage the affair. I paid him just now. Here's his receipt as well as Masy's."

At another moment Chester's burning indignation at this piece of audacious villany would have conquered every other consideration, and he would have bent all his energies to have it exposed and punished. But now he must think first of Violet.

With all the circumstantial details that had reached him he narrated the events of that morning to Mr. Higgins; and succeeded in convincing him of their truth, and in bringing him to see that it was all-important to get Violet out of Rome without delay. The old man, although greatly shocked and agitated, did not lose his presence of mind. He at once declared that they must all set off by the first train which left Rome for Turin, and thence they would make what speed they could to France and England. He entrusted Chester with full powers to make all the necessary arrangements. It was agreed that Mrs. Higgins should not be told for the present of Masi's death; but merely that he had left Rome and given up his engagement to Violet. When Chester asked whether it would be possible to induce Mrs. Higgins to start by the mail train which left Rome that night for the North, Uncle Joshua answered with all his accustomed authoritative promptitude. Mrs. Higgins understood perfectly well, he said, that his orders must be carried out; and, inasmuch as he never issued any commands which were not perfectly judicious and calculated for the welfare of his family, it was only reasonable for him to exact unhesitating obedience.

It was not, however, found so easy to carry out this clear and simple theory with Mrs. Joshua Higgins. When she was told that she must leave Rome that night on her way back to England, she did not, indeed, openly rebel, but she opposed a passive resistance to all efforts to induce her to hasten; and she sat tearfully inert on the sofa in their sitting-room without stirring a finger to assist in the preparations.

"My packing!" she moaned, looking up plaintively at William Chester. "I am willing to sacrifice myself for Mr. Higgins's family,—the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I am bodily unequal to the task of cramming my lilac satin—at sixteen and sixpence a yard, Mr. Chester—into the trunk like hay. And how can the packing be done properly between now and ten o'clock to-night? And why should we fly from Rome like malefactors if that extremely dishonourable and immoral Captain Masi has jilted Violet?"

"Woman!" cried her husband sternly. "Do not mention the unfortunate man's name in that tone." And then fearing to betray more than he wished her to know, he walked out of the room leaving Chester to listen to her lamentations. At length in despair Chester bethought himself of suggesting that Kitty Low should be sent for to assist Mrs. Higgins, and set off himself to fetch her at once.

His heart beat violently as he approached Miss Baines's dwelling. Kitty herself opened the door to him, and a glance at her face showed him that she knew all. Violet was gone to the Signora Guarini under the escort of the faithful Giorgi. He had not left her for a moment, and Kitty declared that his tact, patience, and devotion were more than she could describe or could have believed.

"And Violet? How does she bear it? What does she think? She does not suspect—?"

No. Kitty was sure that she did not suspect the worst. But she was sadly prostrated;—almost like one stunned. "And," said the woman, "it is pitiful to see the struggle in her mind not to be angry or resentful against him. But she feels it is hard and unjust to be left like that; so sudden, without a word of warning, no sacrifice made to face troubles for her sake. Of course if she knew that he was gone from this world for evermore, there wouldn't be anything in her heart but grief and pity. And yet, Mr. Chester, truth is truth, and justice is justice for the dead as well as the living. We are taught to forgive trespasses as we hope to be forgiven. But we're not taught to say there are no trespasses, nor yet to mash up right and wrong together so as no one can tell one from t'other. I always think it's cruel unfair to the folks as do resist temptation and stick to their post like good soldiers of the Lord until He gives 'em leave to rest,—I do think it unfair not to hold them higher than self-seekers that just desert when things go against their will, and leave the rest of the world to fight it out."

That same night three men were watching in the office of the *Tribune of the People*. In the inner room tall tapers burned on either side of a table covered with black cloth, on which was stretched a motionless figure with a calm pale face. Wreaths of flowers were scattered over the black draperies; and the bier with its serene solemn burthen, and the fragrant flowers, and the clear motionless flame of the tapers made a strange dissonance on that vulgar background of smart flimsy upholstery, and the squalid litter of dust and torn paper, and cigar ashes and splashes of ink, which strewn the floor. Silence and stillness were in the room. No breeze made the clear flame of the tapers quiver; no breath raised the quiet breast upon the bier. In the outer room Silvotti, Giorgi, and Dr. Angeloni kept mournful watch. All at once the door opened and a woman came in. They rose in surprise, but she raised her hand signing to them to be silent, and beckoning Giorgi motioned him to lead her across the landing, and to open the door of the chamber of death beyond. It was Nina Guarini. She advanced steadily to the bier and laid a handful of fresh white flowers on it. Then she took from her purse a lock of bright brown hair which she had cut from Violet's head an hour ago, and fastened it on the unconscious breast with a light firm hand. She bent and touched the marble forehead with her lips; and then knelt down and whispered a prayer she used to murmur at her mother's knee with little Marie's baby-hand clasped in hers, and little Marie's baby-voice lisping the words after her.

At the same moment the rushing train was speeding northward like a phantom through the glimmering darkness of the sad Campagna; cutting lives asunder like a sword of Destiny; bearing a freight of human creatures with hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows, and keen anticipations, and dull apathies, towards the unknown bourne from whence the silent traveller, so still near Nina's supplicating hands, would return nevermore.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PRINCE MASSIMO NASONI had found it by no means easy to recover from the shock of the scene he had gone through with Laszinski. He considered himself to be an injured victim, with deep cause for murmuring against Fate. He found himself mixed up with a painful story of bigamy, his house besieged by a dangerous ruffian, and himself made the unwilling recipient of that ruffian's secret.

The annoyance to which he had been exposed, his terror lest a scandal should explode with which his name must be unavoidably connected, and the sense of being surrounded on all sides by

disagreeable possibilities had an odd effect on his sentiments towards Nina; and embittered them by a subtle change like a chemical transformation. Why had she gone through that ecclesiastical ceremony of marriage with Guarini, whilst (as she herself had confessed), the suspicion lurked in her mind that Laszinski might still be among the living? It is a fact that Laszinski's warning to mistrust a woman who had no religion had not been utterly without effect on Massimo's mind. The unsatisfactory results of a minute attention to sundry external formalities on his own life and conduct by no means reconciled him to Nina's neglecting them. It was difficult, of course, to practise the cardinal virtues; but one might at least attend the ceremonies of the Church.

The Prince was in a chronic state of uneasiness and apprehension as to what might be Laszinski's next move. Could he have disposed of a large sum of money, he would willingly have given it to get Laszinski shipped off to the Antipodes. But he was almost destitute of ready money. If Laszinski, in default of a heavy bribe, should choose to gratify his rancour by filling Rome with a disgraceful scandal in which the noble name of Nasoni would play a prominent part, the result might possibly be to break off Don Ciccio's marriage, now definitely arranged. And although that might not have deeply wounded the Prince's paternal susceptibilities, yet he well knew that his son and his mother would make him suffer for it. He was in a continuous fever of anxiety. His rest was broken, and he rose unrefreshed every morning, to cast a gloomily scrutinising glance at his mirror, and to register with unspeakable bitterness of spirit the deepening lines on his brow and round his eyes. His only gleam of comfort came from the thought that Laszinski might possibly have come to some arrangement with Guarini to leave him and Nina unmolested for money. This Guarini—against whom the Prince nourished a singular grudging dislike, although he had never spoken with him in his life—was said to be rich!

Massimo lived for some days shut up almost like a prisoner; dreading to go abroad into the streets, dreading to receive a visitor, dreading to look at a newspaper. He declared himself indisposed; and denied his door to his friends. And in fact he did feel feverish and unwell. He had attended some religious exercises held by a pious confraternity in the Nasoni chapel; and had a book of devotions placed within reach of his hand beside his couch. He did not read it; finding a novel of Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, *Père*, more calculated to raise his spirits in the depressed state of his nervous system. The Prince extremely objected to the modern realistic school of French fiction; declaring that he could not conceive how persons of condition and refinement were able to endure the company of that revolting *canaille* which Monsieur Zola portrays with such wonderful, such terrific, force and reality. But he found that the favourites of his youth, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, had power to amuse him still. And there was the book of devotions ready at hand in case he should find himself equal to any spiritual exercises.

It had been on the Tuesday that Laszinski's visit to Palazzo Nasoni had occurred, and on the following Friday the old Princess came across the courtyard to see her son. She came to inquire after his health, and made him endure a long homily on the vanity of earthly pleasures. He listened with unusual meekness. Nay, more, he listened to her when she broached a proposition (made now for the third time) by an illustrious kinsman, to pay all his debts,—on one condition. The illustrious kinsman was very illustrious. He had Imperial Austrian blood in his veins: for the Nasonis counted among their not very distant relatives one of the dispossessed Princes of Italy. It had been discussed more than once in august circles whether there could not be found a way to arrange "Max's" affairs: the said affairs causing periodical scandals and an unpleasant paragraph which made the round of certain European newspapers with a regularity worthy of a more celestial orbit. The difficulty of "arranging Max's affairs" (in plebeian language, compounding with his creditors) consisted in the condition which the illustrious kinsman insisted on annexing to his "arrangement." Prince Massimo was to receive an annual allowance, and to resign into the hands of his son the entire management of what family property still remained. The Prince had hitherto combated this project, by which, as he said with naive egotism, his creditors and his son would chiefly benefit; whilst he remained trammelled within the limits of a narrow income, and deprived of the chance of making any fresh debts.

But on the occasion of his mother's visit he absolutely appeared inclined to consider the proposition. This phenomenon, although agreeable to the old Princess Teresa from one point of view, yet, coupled with the sight of the book of devotion, aroused her maternal anxiety. She thought that the two together intimated that Massimo must be seriously unwell. And she resolved, besides offering up special prayers to Santa Filomena, to send for her own physician. For it was proper to neglect no precautions; and, perhaps, it was too much to expect that Santa Filomena should undertake the case quite unassisted.

However, as the days passed, and Laszinski made no sign, the Prince began to recover his spirits. By the time that Monday morning arrived he even ventured to open a newspaper, and to cast his eyes over its columns as he sipped his chocolate. The journal which lay on the Prince's breakfast table every morning was an extremely well written and ably edited print. It enjoyed the reputation of being the organ of an influential party in the Vatican. But it by no means confined its labours to propagating items of other-worldly intelligence for the edification of the devout. It was usually very well informed as to what was going on in mundane circles; and it even occasionally printed the sensational details of various crimes and misdemeanours; no doubt with the laudable aim of pointing the contrast between the present wicked times and those good old days when such things never happened; or when, at all events, there was no pestilent free Press to say anything about them.

The Prince first read the leading article, which was a strong attack against the project of legalising divorce which at that time was being talked of in Parliamentary circles. He shifted the double eyeglass which had become necessary to him in reading (much to his chagrin), and nodded his head with an expression of the warmest assent. "Marriage is no mere civil contract, but a holy tie which the Church must sanctify by her benediction, thus consecrating the only safe basis of society." "Most true! Extremely true!" said the Prince to himself. "Divorce is absolutely a social dissolvent. Pray Heaven that we Romans, at least, may not be forced to leave so fatal a heritage to our children!"

He felt a certain glow of complacency at finding his own sentiments so thoroughly in accord with the views of the Clerical journalist. And he folded over the journal, and proceeded in his reading with a sense of moral elevation which was extremely comforting.

"Mysterious murder." That was the heading of a paragraph which next attracted Prince Massimo's attention. And he read as follows:

"The whole neighbourhood of the Vicolo della Lupa (an obscure alley in Trastevere) was thrown into great excitement on Sunday morning by the discovery of a murder which presents several singular and mysterious features. A foreigner, who has been lodging in the topmost story of a poor house there, was found stabbed to the heart in the chamber he occupied. The medical experts declare he must have been dead at least twelve hours when the body was discovered about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The landlady, a poor widow, had reason to suspect that her lodger, who owed her long arrears of rent, had some intention of running away without paying her. Receiving no answer to repeated knockings and callings on the

Sunday morning, and finding the door locked, she caused it to be broken open, fearing that her lodger had secretly gone off in the night. He must, in fact, have intended to do so, for a small valise was found ready packed by his side, and he seems to have been on the point of leaving the house when the assassin or assassins surprised him. The police are of opinion that the deed could not have been accomplished single-handed. No sound of a struggle was heard. Nor can any of the inmates remember to have seen strangers on the staircase. But this latter circumstance is of small importance, as it would have been perfectly possible for a man to climb up the dark staircase without meeting any one, or without being seen sufficiently well to be recognised. The murder must have been due to motives of vengeance and not of robbery, for a considerable sum of money in Italian banknotes, as well as a silver watch, were found on the body. The weapon, a triangular-bladed dagger of peculiar manufacture, was left in the wound. And we are informed that attached to the haft was found a paper with some words on it in the Russian language. But for obvious reasons it is not desirable to say more on this point at present. The murderer or murderers must have locked the door after perpetrating the crime, and carried away the key with them. The countenance of the deceased bears an expression of terror and anxiety. The eyes are wide open and staring, and one hand convulsively clutches a loaded cane. The body is that of a tall powerfully-built man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. No papers whatever were found on the body or in the room. It is suspected that some may have been removed by the assassins. In a leather pocket-book containing the bank-notes, were found also two printed visiting cards, bearing the inscription, 'ALEXIS SMITH-MÜLLER, Colonel en retraite, Bala Palanka, Serbie.' We understand that no such person is known at the Servian Legation. The police are prosecuting active inquiries. But up to the time of going to press no clue had been obtained to the perpetrators of this extraordinary crime."

It may be stated at once that whether a clue was ever found or not, the perpetrators of the crime were never arrested. One or two persons in Rome at the time were well convinced on excellent grounds that the death of Laszinski had been decreed by a society of Russian Nihilists to whom he had played traitor, and carried out by emissaries despatched from Geneva for that purpose. But those one or two persons took care to keep their conviction to themselves.

Prince Massimo Nasoni was overwhelmed by such a flood of conflicting emotions on reading the above account that he fell ill in earnest, and lay for some weeks in a nervous fever. He was haunted by a horrible suspicion that Nina had been privy to this crime. As to Guarini's guilty knowledge of the matter he had scarcely any doubt. A revolutionist like that would stick at nothing. And who had so large an interest as Guarini in Laszinski's death? Massimo absolutely felt himself hampered in settling his own spiritual scores with his confessor, by the idea that he might be in some sort an accessory after the fact by keeping his suspicions to himself. At length, one day, when his strength was much prostrated by fever, and his spirit much depressed by a long interview with his mother's Director, a stern, severe ecclesiastic of the ascetic type, the poor Prince began to fear that he was in danger of dying forthwith. And he sent a hastily scrawled line in that sense to Nina Guarini, begging her to come and see him. She obeyed the summons, and the two were face to face once more.

The Prince in a tremulous voice, and with considerable hesitation—for it was more difficult than he had foreseen to speak with Nina's grave pale face before him, and Nina's earnest honest eyes looking into his,—exhorted her to seek pardon and reconciliation with Mother Church; and above all if there were any secret which burthened her mind, to make amends and do penance. Nina at first thought his mind was wandering in fever. But his meaning presently began to dawn upon her.

"I can't get absolution myself, with this thing on my mind," said Massimo, looking at her fretfully with haggard eyes, and then turning his head away on the pillow. Nina stood at the bedside regarding him with grave contemptuous pity. "I think," she said at length, "that you suspect me of complicity with a murder."

He started up wildly and laid his hand on her mouth. "No, no; not complicity!" he cried. "For mercy's sake don't say such words!"

"I might more justly implore you for mercy's sake not to think such thoughts. But you cannot help them. I see you now as you are; and I am sorry, not angry." Then she bent down and spoke more softly in his ear. "Listen! Of the details of that deed I know no more than all the world knows. But many circumstances make me believe that the man Casimir Laszinski" (she uttered the name with a cutting clearness which made Massimo wince nervously as though a sharp lancet had been flashed too near his face), "was killed by some former comrades in conspiracy whom he had betrayed, as he betrayed every human being who trusted him, from his youth upward. I am not a murderess, Max,—not even in intention."

She was turning to go away, when he said faintly, but with an obvious expression of relief on his face, "We may never see each other again, Nina. I am very ill."

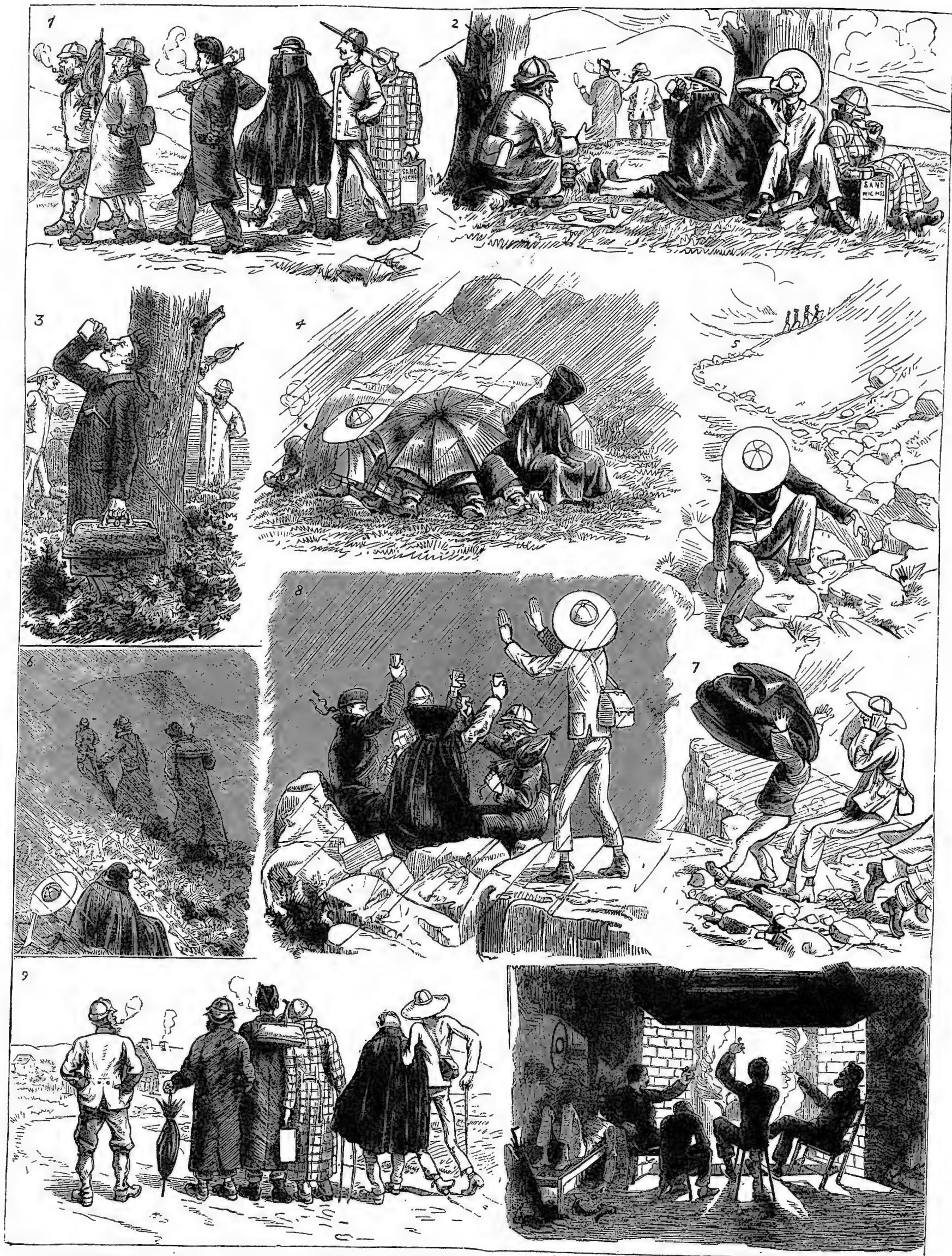
She looked at him quietly. "Oh no," she answered. "You have been frightened. You have not much moral courage or fortitude. I say my last farewell to you, here and now; but you may look forward to confessing a great many more sins to your priest before you die."

Massimo tried—really tried,—to be mournfully affected by the thought that he had had his last interview with Nina Guarini. But no sooner was the door shut behind her than he took up a little ivory hand mirror from the table at his side, and looked at his own image more hopefully than he had done for some days past. "I am pulled down, undoubtedly," he said to himself. "But Nina evidently did not think me in danger. She would not have deceived me. She was always sincere." And from that hour he began to mend with great rapidity.

And so these two drifted asunder. And the currents of the air and the water carried them apart once more on the Ocean of Life.

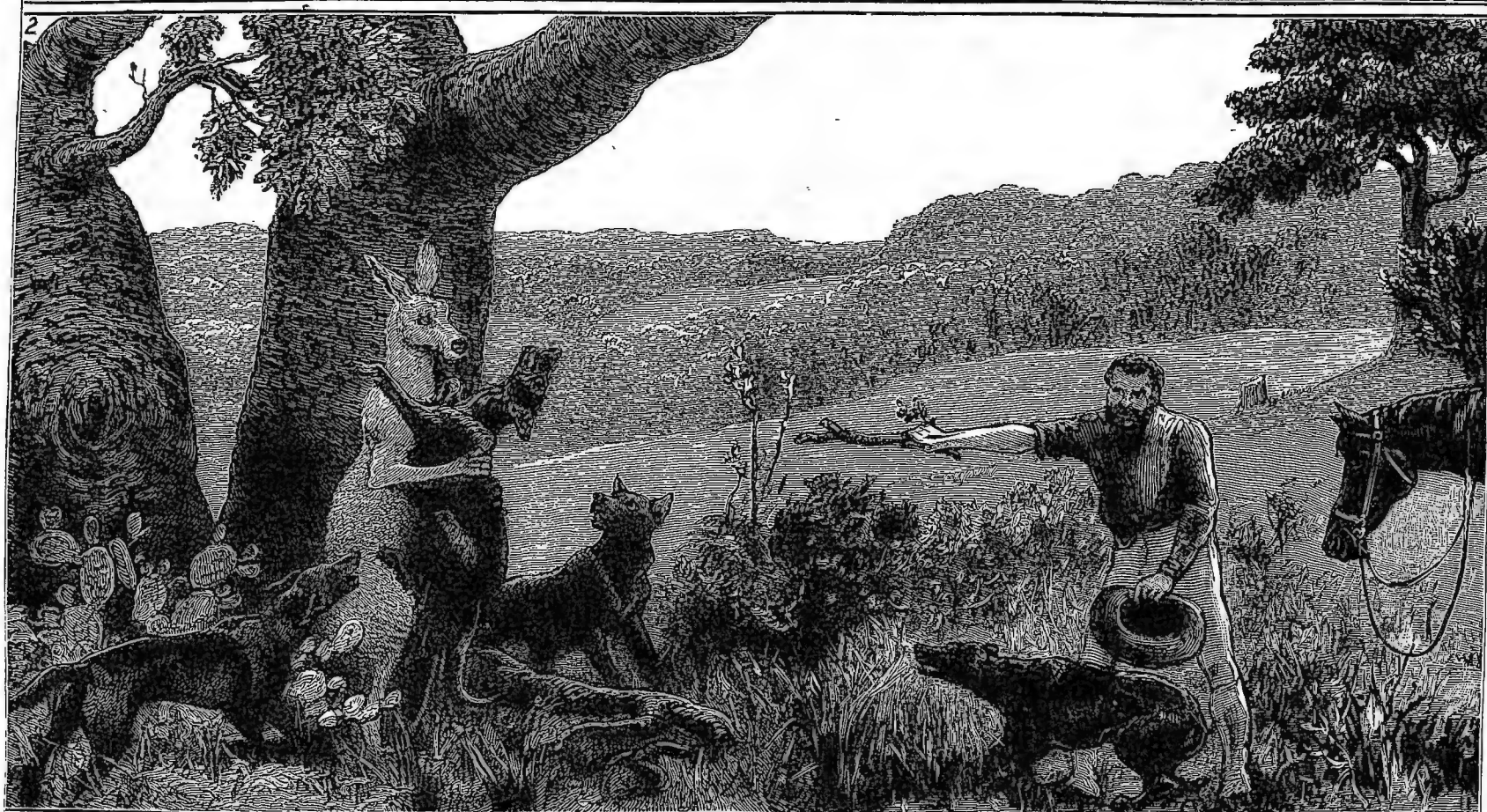
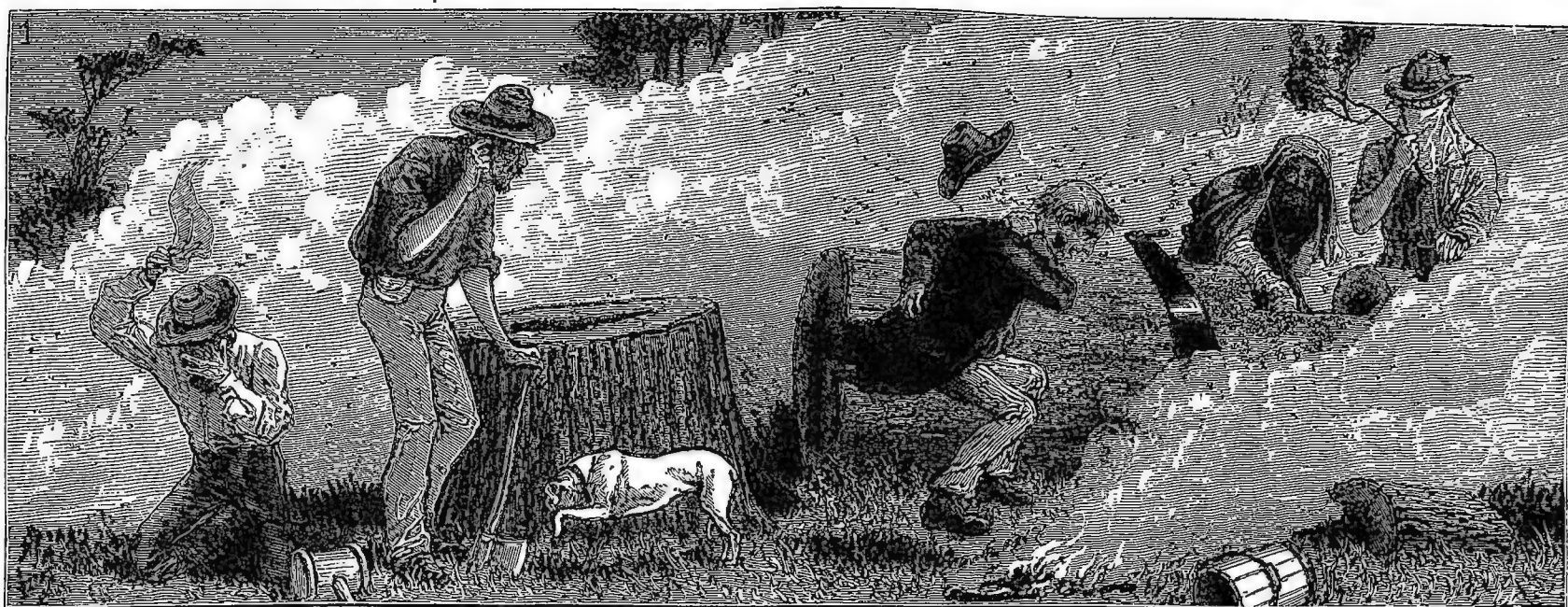
Three years later William Chester came home from India. He had gone back there almost immediately after accompanying Violet and her aunt to England, not caring to take the full holiday he had promised himself. "Work was best for him," he said. "That's Mr. Chester's way of curing the troubles of the mind," observed Kitty Low confidentially to Miss Baines. "Ah, it's a grand sight, a man as stands up and faces his trouble, and fights it out, and holds his tongue!"

William Chester had certainly faced his trouble and held his tongue. Before he parted from Violet she had learned all the dreadful truth about Mario's death. And the dumb despair into which it plunged her had alarmed them all. She scarcely shed a tear; but would sit for hours in apparent lethargy, neither speaking nor moving, but with an expression of settled misery on her face that was heart-breaking. The faithful Kitty it was who first devised the means of breaking this dead calm which seem to threaten her reason. "She wants a word from some one as was fond of him," said Kitty. "We may speak as fair and soft as we like, but she knows that in our hearts we can't help but blame that unfortunate fellow-creature, and our words are no comfort to her. You just get the Signora to write to her telling all particulars. Don't be afraid of that doing her harm. Anything is better than letting her brood over her own fancies. The Signora liked the poor misguided Captain, and was kind to him. And besides she hasn't got her mind so full of the right and wrong of it as we have. She looks



1. We Arose Punctually at Five A.M., and Set Out for the Mountain in High Spirits.—2. Having Acquired Excellent Appetites We Breakfast in Glen Derry.—3. Caught: "Only a Nippy."—4. Rain Begins to Fall: We Crouch Behind a Shelter-Stone.—5. We Renew the Ascent, But Are Compelled to Leave Behind One of Our Party: A Blue-Ribbonite Who Has Been Indulging Himself Inordinately With Ginger-Beer.—6. We Ascend Between Ben Main and Cairngorm: The Storm Recommences and the Blue-Ribbonite Regains His Lost Ground.—7. Passing Loch Etchan, We Visit the Precipices on the Glen Dee Side, but the Wind is too Boisterous to be Pleasant.—8. At Length We Reach the Top of the Ben, but are Disappointed in the Matter of a View. We Console Ourselves with Toasts, the Blue-Ribbonite Feebly Protesting.—9. Our Condition on Regaining Level Ground After Our Thirty-five Miles' Tramp.—10. Fighting the Day's Battles Over Again.

AN ASCENT OF BEN MACDHUI



1. Robbing a Bee's Nest.—2. A Kangaroo at Bay.—3. Our New Chum: "Slightly Elevated."
INCIDENTS IN A SETTLER'S LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

at human beings more as we look at weather—something that must be taken as it is, and can't be mended."

Kitty's prescription was found to answer admirably. Nina Guarini was most thankful to receive the permission to write freely and fully to Violet, and she sent the girl a long letter. This opened the floodgates of her tears, and she wept passionately—wept herself to sleep in fact, with the letter clasped in her hand, and fell into an unbroken slumber that lasted many hours.

"After that she'll do," said Kitty. "It's only a question of time now. Young hearts are like young bones: a breakage ain't so fatal. They're elastic, and soon knit up again. Nature don't let folks die of a broken heart at twenty years old."

Nature did not let Violet die. But she suffered keenly and long, for her character was tenacious, and the blow had been very terrible. But she read and re-read the two letters which Nina had enclosed in her own; one of these was Mario's last epistle to Nina, and the other was Chester's letter to him offering assistance. If William Chester had made any attempt to speak again of love, if he had even remained near at hand, Violet might have shrunk from him. But as the weeks and months passed, and her young strong frame recovered its healthy tone, the clear honesty of her conscience asserted itself. This man was true and brave and generous and simple, not a story-book hero; neither a paladin nor a saint; but a man who could put himself aside for the sake of another, who scorned to flinch from his duty, and was gentle because he was strong.

He wrote frequently to Aunt Betsy, telling her the minutest details of his life in exile, as he called it. And he sometimes added a little word to Violet, such as a kind brother might have written—nothing more. But Violet thought of him more often and more tenderly as the months went by.

One good result of her thinking was the resolve to imitate her Cousin William in his unselfish care for others. She had always been affectionate to her Aunt Betsy, but with a certain willfulness. Henceforward she tended her with the devotion of a daughter; and uncomplainingly accompanied her to such winter resorts as she could be induced to visit for her health's sake. Torquay or St. Leonard's formed the utmost limits of Miss Baines's travels, for she could never be induced to cross the British Channel again as long as she lived. And Uncle Joshua, approving this resolution, could not refrain from pointing the moral to his niece Betsy, observing that she could now see what good had ever come of her mania for foreign parts; and bidding her in future rely wholly on his judgment, which had been proved to be (for all purposes of guiding the conduct of his female relatives) practically infallible.

But to Violet he never made any such speeches. Her uncle's goodness to her, indeed, touched her deeply. Taught in this one case by that great master of courtesy, the heart, Mr. Higgins was almost delicate in his consideration for Violet. Jane Higgins found herself reduced very unmistakably to the second place in her husband's regard (if, indeed, she had ever occupied any other), and gave up struggling against her rival, on receiving a distinct intimation from her lord and master that his testamentary dispositions on her—Jane Higgins's—behalf, would entirely depend on her behaviour towards his great-niece. And so the years went by, and now William Chester was coming home. Whether he were coming home to stay, or whether he would go back to India, seemed uncertain. "It depends," replied Miss Baines oracularly to an inquiry on the subject from Mrs. Joshua Higgins. And being pressed further, gave a nervous glance at Violet, and added "on circumstances."

One June day, Violet, sitting under a branching elm in Dozebury churchyard, saw a well-known figure approaching her along the dappled shadows of the avenue: a figure with a sunburnt face and honest, grey eyes, and one or two lines across the forehead that had not been there when they parted. She stood up white and trembling; and when he came close to her—very calmly as to his outward aspect, but with a wildly beating heart—she held out both her hands and looked at him with such a smile, although the tears were pouring down her cheeks, that he cried with a sudden radiance on his face, "Oh Violet,—my love!"

"If you will have me, dear," she answered. And he clasped her to his heart.

And thus they met again on the wide sea of life, and thenceforth held their course together to the last haven.

Years afterwards, Violet, musing with her hand on the head of her little fair-haired son, would thank God reverently, who had given her such sweet calm after tempest. The sorrowful story of her first love came to be like a child's memory of some tale of wonder, whereof no faintest misty outline, no dark or rosy tint, can ever change. For it was removed from the ceaseless corrosion of things actual;—that tireless tide of To-day, that laps away granite, and piles up sand, and changes all the world. That strange, sad story was safe in the immutable Past. And Violet, pressing her boy to her breast and listening for her husband's homeward step, would think of the girl who had loved and lost so piteously as a different being from the happy wife and mother who sat there; and would remember with a soft compassion how they two had met and parted like Ships upon the Sea.

THE END



THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

ALTHOUGH the one hundred and fifteenth Exhibition of the Royal Academy will not be memorable for any work of supreme importance, it contains a very large amount of interesting matter. Examples of severe and abstract design are, as usual, very rare, but every other department of Art is well represented. The unquestionable supremacy of the English school of portraiture is well maintained, and there is no falling off in landscape or marine painting. Pictures of a dramatic kind, realisations of historic or romantic incident, and scenes of modern life are more numerous than usual, and generally of a higher level. Besides excellent works of these kinds by Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Gow, Mr. Marks, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Woods, and Mr. Linton, there are many by less known artists showing cultivated technical ability as well as inventive power. Especially noteworthy among these are the pictures by Mr. W. Logsdail, Mr. F. Barnard, Mr. H. G. Glindoni, and Mr. Maynard Brown, an artist till now unknown to us. Those even who take a desponding view of the prospects of English Art can scarcely fail to recognise the artistic capacity of these and many other young painters whose works we shall notice later. Among the very few pictures by foreign painters in the collection is one by C. Van Haanen of extraordinary merit.

The only work of large size by Sir Frederick Leighton is a long and very narrow "Decorative Frieze for a Drawing-room in a Private House—The Dance" (158). A silver statue of Terpsichore is in the middle, and on either side are ranged at intervals figures, male and female, in various attitudes of classic grace. The figures are designed with the painter's accustomed mastery, and the various flat tints of the draperies, together with the deep blue of the long

line of hills behind, are admirably arranged with regard to the general decorative effect. Among the President's other works, "Vestal" (220) is especially remarkable for its purity of design and finished workmanship. It represents a maiden of rare beauty, with a white veil spotted with gold bound round her head, and entirely concealing her hair. The picture of a very fair little girl in rich Oriental attire watching the sportive movements of a kitten, and the life-sized half-length of a lady seated in a contemplative mood, with her head resting on her left hand, "Memories" (332), are excellent examples of the artist's manner of treating subjects of the kind, but the waxy smoothness of the flesh and its unreal colour seem to us to detract considerably from their value. The drawing and modelling of the arm and elbow in the last-named picture could scarcely be surpassed. The scene in *Julius Caesar*, in which Calphurnia tries to dissuade her husband from going to the Senate House, has furnished Mr. E. J. Poynter with a subject which he has treated in his usual learned and Academic style. In "The Ides of March" (260), as the picture is called, the human figures hold rather an unimportant place, the greater part of the large canvass being occupied by stately architecture, marble and bronze busts, and other sumptuous adornments, all bearing evidence of deep study and archaeological research. The figures, of which we see only the backs, are finely designed, and that of Calphurnia, who, with her left hand on the shoulder of the great Triumvir, points with her right to the comet streaming in a cold blue sky, is full of dramatic significance. They look, however, less like living figures than statues; nor has the painter entirely succeeded in overcoming the difficulty of rightly rendering the conflict between the cold outdoor light and the warm illumination of the interior. Mr. Poynter's fine sense of style and knowledge of form are again shown in the half-length figure of a girl partially draped, playing with a butterfly, "Psyche" (290). There is much beauty in the head and grace in the action, but the flesh tints, as in most of his works, are rather cold and clay-like.

In Mr. Orchardson's "Voltaire" (271), which occupies a central place in the third gallery, an incident in the early life of the great author, graphically described by Carlyle, is realised with great dramatic power. The moment chosen for representation is when Voltaire, having been scandalously beaten by the hired bullies of the Duc de Rohan, indignantly demands of the Duc de Sully if such an atrocity done to one of his guests is not an insult to himself. The figure of Voltaire who, livid with rage, stands with clenched hands and dishevelled hair, is full of expressive energy; while that of his coarse-featured and sensuous-looking host, who listens to him with something like indifference, is almost equally good. The attitudes and expressions, too, of the guests at the table, and of the servants behind, are varied and significant. The figures are well designed and very skilfully grouped, and the picture is full of delicate gradations of colour. Mr. Val Prinsep has, in his "After the Honeymoon," treated a simple domestic incident of modern life with great taste and skill. It represents without exaggeration or false sentiment a very pretty bride in white embracing her mother on a flight of steps. The attitudes of both figures are impulsive and natural. Mr. Prinsep also sends a life-sized portrait of "Mrs. W. H. Kendal, in Tennyson's 'Falcon'" (143), which is eventually to occupy a place at the Garrick Club. Though rather weak in effect, it is agreeable in colour, and painted in broad and simple style. As a likeness it is excellent.

Not for many years has a better example of manly portraiture been seen on these walls than the half-length, by Mr. Millais, of his fellow Academician, "J. C. Hook, R.A." (29), which appropriately hangs between two of his own sea-coast pictures. With his head slightly bent forward, and a thoughtful and observant expression on his face, Mr. Hook stands in an easy and characteristic attitude beside his easel. Besides showing Mr. Millais's rare power of rendering individual character, the picture is remarkable for its broad simplicity of effect and perfect keeping. The head stands out in strong relief from the background, and, as well as the hands, one of which holds a palette and brushes, and the rough brown coat, is painted in the artist's most restrained, and at the same time his strongest, style. Mr. Hook's pictures are as fresh and vigorous, as suggestive of daylight and sea air, as any he has produced. In "Catching a Mermaid" (28), the title of which refers to the figure-head of a wrecked ship, which a boy is dragging to the land, the sense of movement in the sea and sky is most vividly conveyed; and the companion picture, "Love Lightens Toil" (36), showing a small rocky bay with a wide expanse of calm sea beyond, and a young fishing woman embracing her child in the foreground, is full of delicate modulations of tone as beautiful as they are true. Next to this is placed another excellent picture, by Mr. Millais, "Une Grande Dame" (37), in many ways resembling the work of Velasquez. It is the portrait of a sumptuously attired little girl, who appears thoroughly conscious of her own importance. The richly brocaded yellow sacque which the child wears, the vividly green parrot perched on her finger, and the glowing flesh-tints combine, with the sombre hues of the tapestry background, to produce a rich and very harmonious effect of colour. The large portrait of "The Marquis of Salisbury" (270), though excellent as a likeness, is not one of the painter's best works of the kind. His half-length of "Thomas H. Ismay" (709), presented by the shareholders of the "White Star" line, is strikingly life-like, and is painted with extraordinary vigour and firmness. There are other pictures by Mr. Millais in the collection that we may notice later.

Mr. H. S. Marks sends no important composition, but his three small pictures, each consisting of a single figure, show his masterful command of character and expression. Keen observation of Nature is shown in the face and figure of the old man who, with deliberate care, is regulating the hands of "The Old Clock" (344), but the picture, as a whole, wants homogeneity and keeping. In no degree inferior to it as a study of character, and infinitely more agreeable in general effect, is the picture of "The Professor" (493), who, with his watch and skulls of strange birds on the table before him, is addressing his class. More expressive than either of these, and more humorous, is the picture called, "Where Is It?" (43), in which Mr. Marks has depicted the irritation and perplexity of a sixteenth-century scrivener who is ransacking his drawers in search of a missing document. As a study of strongly-marked individual character nothing could be better than Mr. E. Armitage's only contribution, "A Real Centenarian: Portrait of Miss W., aged 101 years and 3 months" (60). Every detail of the very remarkable head is delineated with absolute fidelity. Mr. T. Faed has not for some years exhibited anything as good as his large picture, "They Had Been Boys Together" (262). The scene is a lawyer's office, and the principal actors, the lawyer himself, smug and self-satisfied, who, sitting at his desk, scans dubiously a card which he holds, as if he had only a vague recollection of the name; and a dilapidated man, shabby and prematurely old, who, doubtful apparently as to the manner of his reception, stands nervously twitching his hat. The subordinate figures, including the two clerks who look with curiosity at the visitor, and the servant, are appropriate to the situation and skilfully introduced. The story is clearly told, and the picture is painted in a more firm and sound style than is customary with the painter. An example of his looser manner representing, on an unnecessarily large scale, a young mother embracing her child by a roadside, called, "The Waeifu Heart" (92), hangs in the first gallery.

In his large picture, "The Private View" (163), Mr. W. P. Frith has represented with much tact and skill the third gallery of the Academy as it appeared on the occasion of the private view of 1881. Among the numerous visitors who crowd the room, many more or less eminent persons, whose appearance photography has

made familiar to the public, will be recognised. It cannot be said that the heads are very characteristic, but, as well as the details of the elaborate feminine costumes, they are very carefully painted in the artist's usual thin and rather superficial style. That he is a shrewd observer of modern life and manners is shown by the fact that among the large number of persons who are assembled, only one is looking at a picture. Besides several large portraits that we shall mention later, Mr. H. Herkomer sends a very animated little picture called "Natural Enemies" (120), representing numerous peasants and sportsmen quarrelling as they sit round a table in a village inn. The figures are full of vitality, life-like in their gestures, and most skilfully grouped. We have seen no work on a small scale by the painter displaying so much technical mastery, or so fresh and pure in colour. Mr. R. W. Macbeth fully justifies his recent election to the Associateship by his picture called "A Sacrifice" (42). The scene is the shop of a perrier of the early part of the last century. Here a fair flower-girl, partially disrobed, is sitting in a chair with her rich golden hair unbound, and falling almost to the ground. This the old wig-maker, with deliberate care, is cutting off and placing on a tray. Some parts of the picture need revision, especially the girl's head and neck, but the incident is admirably realised; the subordinate figures, including the assistants engaged in wig-making and the coxcomb sprinkling himself with scent in the outer room, are as characteristic as the principal actors. The picture is painted in a good style, and is remarkable besides for its brilliant illumination and purity of tone.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE members of this old-established society have recently added to their list of Associates the names of five figure painters whose drawings give a considerable amount of freshness and vitality to their present exhibition. Landscapes and marine pictures constitute, however, its chief strength. We are inclined to think that Mr. Francis Powell has produced nothing better than his view of "The Firth of Clyde," with a long range of mountains in the distance, which together with the masses of cloud illumined by the warm light of the afternoon sun are reflected in the calm water of the estuary. Nothing could well be more luminous, or more vividly suggestive of space. Mr. Albert Goodwin's "The Invincible Armada," showing fragments of wrecked ships rotting among the rocks on the Cornish coast by sunset, is a powerful drawing, impressive in effect, and exquisitely harmonious in colour. Mr. H. Moore's rare power of rendering the impression of movement in sea and sky is well shown in "Summer Breezes" and "Scotch Boats off Lowestoft," but his calm river scene, "On the Thames Below Greenwich," suffers nothing by comparison with them. The gradations of delicate colour in the water are equally beautiful and true. Mr. George Fripp's "Study on the Coast of Cornwall" is an admirable example of landscape draughtsmanship. While all the fissures and complicated laminations in the curiously formed mass of rock which forms the principal feature of the work are rendered with extraordinary accuracy, the whole is in perfect keeping. Miss Clara Montalba's picturesque Venetian street scene, "The Festival of St. John," and her view on the lagoon, "The Convent's Offering," are, like all her works of the kind, true in local character, but they are suffused with a uniform yellow tint which detracts somewhat from their value. Her power in dealing with atmospheric effects is much better shown in a spacious and very luminous view in "Ramsgate Harbour." Mr. Herbert Marshall's "Limehouse from Lavender Wharf" is an artistic rendering of a very picturesque subject; but he is seen perhaps to more advantage in several drawings of familiar London localities. His "Fleet Street" and "Holborn Hill" seen under the influence of a smoke-laden atmosphere in wet weather are strikingly true. By Mr. G. H. Andrews there is an interesting and carefully painted drawing of "Old Billingsgate Market—First Day of the Oyster Season," and by Mr. Matthew Hale a good drawing of fishing craft at the entrance to a harbour seen through a veil of mist, "Sunrise." Mr. R. Thorne Waite's large "Weald of Sussex," showing a wide extent of undulating country with figures picturesquely grouped in the foreground, is broadly painted and spacious, but is not quite so fresh or so vividly suggestive of Nature as his vigorous out-door studies, of which an excellent example is to be seen in "Cornfield, Gloucester." Mr. E. J. Poynter, one of the recently elected Associates, sends only two small Scotch landscape studies, one of which, "Scourbhullion from Loch Luichart," is distinguished not only by accurate draughtsmanship, but by refined beauty of colour. Mr. A. W. Hunt's small low-toned drawing "On the Northumbrian Coast;" Mr. T. Danby's view of "The Castle Rock of the Fairy Glen;" Mr. S. P. Jackson's "Early Morning on the Thames;" Mr. Collingwood Smith's "Sunset on the Chapel Fells," and Mr. A. Glennie's "View from Under the Cucumella Hotel, Sorrento," with Vesuvius in the distance are good and characteristic examples of the respective styles of their authors.

Sir John Gilbert sends no large composition; but his small "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness" is, in its way, an admirable work. There is nothing Oriental in the character either of landscape or the figures; but the drawing is marked by largeness of style, beauty of composition, and rich harmony of colour. Landscape and figures are also most artistically combined in his smaller and more sketchy drawing, "The Baggage Wagon." Mr. Frank Holl's scene in a third-class railway station, "Leaving Home," differs in no important respect from the oil picture of which it is a replica, and it is quite as well painted. By Mr. W. J. Wainwright, another new comer, there are two large pictures displaying a considerable amount of ability. The attitude of the ruined gamester, who is cursing his ill-fortune in "A Very Old Story," is not especially expressive; but the picture is painted with breadth and realistic force. The second drawing, "The Singers," intended to illustrate a verse of Longfellow, while not less ably executed or less forcible, shows a finer sense of colour; the two boys who are singing on a door-step, and the three instrumentalists behind them, are, however, of phenomenal ugliness. Together with a great deal of artistic power, these drawings show a certain tendency to quaintness and affectation. Mr. H. G. Glindoni, whose oil pictures we have sometimes noticed as a painter of comedy. His most important drawing, "Our First-Floor Lodger," showing an old bachelor of the early part of this century seated at the breakfast table, and joking with a comely serving maid, while the landlady peeps in at the door, shows a certain sense of humour and considerable power of characterisation. The execution of the picture, and of two others by him in the collection, show that Mr. Glindoni has not yet thoroughly mastered the difficulties of water-colour painting.

MISSION TO NORTH SEA FISHERMEN

THE accompanying sketches of our special artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson, were made during a trip to the North Sea, in company with the Secretary of the Thames Church Mission, and are particularly interesting at the present moment in connection with the opening of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition.

The popular idea apparently is, that the fisherman leaves his cottage on the cliff and puts off to sea in the evening of each day, receiving, on the following morning, the welcome home of wife and bairns; and the landsman by no means realises that, in the North Sea alone, upwards of 11,000 men and boys find employment in trawling, practically spending their lives at sea in a succession of eight weeks' voyages, with intervals of seven or eight days ashore while their vessels are refitting. These brave and hardy fellows are, by the nature of their vocation, placed beyond the ordinary range of

Christian and philanthropic effort, and the Thames Church Mission Society has for many years endeavoured by various means to minister to their spiritual necessities, but the special effort which the Committee have been able to make during the past two years is deserving of public mention and hearty and general support.

During the period we mention, missionaries—themselves *quondam* sailors as a rule—have from time to time been sent out from the Thames to the fishing fleets off the Dogger Bank, but since the early summer of 1882 a fine fifty-six ton smack, the *Ensign*, has been placed at the disposal of the Committee, who have been thus enabled thoroughly and adequately to prosecute the work to which their hearts had long inclined them.

This vessel cruises with the "Short Blue Fleet," owned by Messrs. Hewett and Co., of London, and has so fully answered the expectation of those by whom she was fitted out that there is one general testimony from the fishermen themselves, their wives and children ashore, their employers, and even the police of the East Coast town to which most of the men belong, to the value and usefulness of the Mission vessel. And this is not to be wondered at when it is known that she is not merely a Mission ship, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but that she carries with her the means of soothing and relieving physical suffering, and of furnishing occupation, instruction, and amusement during many a dull and idle hour at sea. The medicine chest has proved a very great blessing to the 1,800 men in Messrs. Hewett's employ. Formerly cases of illness were treated in a rough-and-ready happy-go-lucky style, most dangerous to the unfortunate patient; and a fisherman suffering from serious illness or accident had to be sent up to a London hospital by the attendant fish-carrying steamer, and frequently suffered great torture during the two or three days' passage home. Now the *Ensign's* medicine chest is brought into requisition, and numerous letters have been sent from the fleet expressing gratitude for the medicines and simple surgical appliances, which have been successful in some hundreds of cases.

The skipper reports that on a fine day the deck of the Mission vessel frequently presents the appearance of an out-patients' ward at a hospital, and he is often engaged for hours in dispensing physic, lint, bandages, &c., the latest case reported being a very serious injury to a skipper's hand, which was cut open by a sharp hatchet, and, under the old régime, must have necessitated his being invalided home. Happily, however, the careful dressing the wound received at the hands of this good medical missionary was completely efficacious.

Après of this, a very good story is related by one of the owners. Some years ago a poor smackman, Bill —, having had his leg seriously bruised by a heavy "trunk" of fish, was invalided home for treatment. The liniment supplied by the local chemist (marked in large warning letters "For external application,") healed the bruise so rapidly, that the good fellow on returning provided himself with two full bottles of the mixture. Shortly after he rejoined the fleet a man fell ill with bronchitis, and, as usual, there were no medicines at hand. The sick man's skipper was at his wits' end, when some one remembered the liniment brought out by "Bill," and in half-an-hour several doses, in spite of the red label, had been administered to the sufferer. Strange to say he recovered, with the result that the liniment came to be regarded as a panacea, and was considered part of the necessary stores for some of the vessels!

The *Ensign* also carries a large lending library, a luxury unknown before, and the Society appeals to those whose bookshelves are laden with surplus volumes, illustrated papers, and magazines, to send them to their offices, 31, New Bridge Street, E.C., for the benefit of the fishermen.

Ladies from various parts have lately helped this work by supplying many hundreds of comforters and pairs of cuffs, which, especially in the rigorous winter season, are most eagerly sought after and thankfully appreciated by the smackmen, not merely for their warmth, however, but also because a pair of cuffs renders impossible those painful "sea-blisters" from which these poor men suffer, through the friction of hard oil-skin upon the wearer's wrist. One may imagine the effect of the repeated applications of brine to a scarified hand!

We are glad to know that, encouraged by the success of their first vessel, the Committee of the Thames Church Mission are about, through the kindness of friends, to place two new smacks, the *Cholmondeley* and the *Edward Auriol*, with other fleets, and we are sure our readers who benefit by the exertions of these toilers of the sea will heartily wish success to a work which, while it cannot set aside the dangers to which they are exposed in the storms which occasionally rage in the North Sea, endeavours to mitigate the hardship and discomfort incidental to their occupation.

We may mention that the Society will have a stand immediately inside the entrance of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition, where models of the Mission vessels can be seen and full information supplied with regard to this very interesting enterprise.

In addition to his strictly spiritual duties, the skipper, as agent of the "Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society," induces the smackmen to lay by a portion of their earnings for the benefit of those dependent on them, and has also enlisted many recruits for the temperance cause. This latter is a most desirable and commendable branch of service, considering the constant temptation to hard drinking offered by the Dutch yawls which cruise with the fleets, styled by our artist "The Grog Shop," but known in the North Sea as the "cooper" (or, more correctly, *coper*, meaning one who barters). These vessels are the curse of the trawling fleets, as many a poor fellow, having spent all his cash, will barter away fish, nets, and even his clothes, for the fiery and impure spirit supplied by the Dutchmen, and numerous instances of loss of life have occurred in consequence.



"THE HANDS OF JUSTICE," by F. W. Robinson (3 vols. : Chatto and Windus), is a very curious story. All the characters are connected with the experiment of a certain Mr. Woodhatch, himself a reclaimed criminal, to bring the black sheep of the world into the fold of virtue; and "Greg," the hero, sets out as the very worst and most hopeless character in the reformatory whence he is transferred to the philanthropist's human farm. Owing to the circumstances of the most mysterious of plots, it seems at one point as if Mr. Woodhatch's theories of treating the bad as if they were good would prove worthless, and as if his experiment would break down at all points—he himself, with all his faith in himself and his influence over others, throws up the work of his life in despair. There is real pathos in the situation where the only subject of experiment who appears to remain faithful to his benefactor is an idiot—a pathos all the more effective for its suggestion of satire. Nevertheless the seed produces the intended harvest at last in ways as unexpected as the cause of apparent failure. All this, however, is but the framework for the true plot, which depends upon the mystery as to who is the perpetrator of an unaccountable murder. This mystery is planned and maintained in the manner familiar to readers of the works of Mr. Wilkie Collins. With great constructive skill Mr. Robinson contrives that, with scarcely an exception, every character, including Mr. Woodhatch himself and even the clergyman of the parish, is in turn suspected by the reader of being the murderer—a puzzle for

amateur detectives which we shall not spoil by giving the slightest hint of the direction in which the scent really lies. Even old hands at unravelling plots will probably find themselves baffled. For the rest, Mr. Robinson's novel cannot be said to rank highly. The characters are only interesting as the counters in a cleverly devised game, and the cleverness does not extend to concealing the art with which the mystery is constructed. On the contrary, the reader is perpetually worried and wearied by suggestions of wonderful things to come which end in nothing, and turn out to be merely devices for bewildering him until the proper time for clearing things up arrives. Curiosity rather than interest is excited by Mr. Robinson's novel, which, by the way, has the air of belonging to no actual world.

We cannot say that the promise of Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt's first novel is maintained by "Self-Condemed" (3 vols. : Chatto and Windus). "The Lead Casket" had a colour and character of its own, distinguishing it from the ordinary run of fiction. "Self-Condemed," on the contrary, might have been written by any fairly competent and practised pen, and has no reason for existing beyond the supposed necessity for a lady who has written one or two novels to write another. Of course this does not in the least prevent the novel from being very considerably above the average; it is only disappointing as coming from a pen that has proved itself capable of winning much more real praise. Judged by the common standard, it must be pronounced sufficiently interesting and—in the case of Mrs. Wilbraham's oddities—no less amusing. This lady's intellectual and sentimental crazes, and the muddle into which they brought her life, have an air of whimsical reality about them which amounts to the creation of an original character. The story itself is excessively unhappy—that of a girl who, without any fault of her own, brings nothing but misery upon her family, and is driven to attempt expiation by determining to reject whatever happiness may be left for her. Fortunately, however, she apparently grows weary of her self-imposed martyrdom when the approach of the third volume to its end obliges her to decide whether that end shall be happy or unhappy. Mrs. Hunt wisely decides to make her happy, though at the sacrifice of all such dramatic interest as she might otherwise have retained, and though her happiness was to be shared by the selfish and ungenerous lover who caused all her troubles. We say wisely, because the story is not strong enough in every respect to bear the weight of a tragic close. Not many modern heroines are worth killing, or condemning to life-long remorse, and Katherine Carey is no exception to the rule.

A domestic martyr of another type is dealt with by Mrs. Randolph in "Woodroffe" (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett). With regard to Constance Verulam (*née* Woodroffe of Woodroffe), we can only say that we never came across a more disagreeable specimen of the heroine who will be a victim, whatever happens. Not content with letting her foolish father and scampish brother sell her to one man while she loves another, she makes the worst of the bargain that she can by doing her best to render her husband miserable, and to irritate him beyond what any man could endure. This is supposed to be all splendidly noble, and deserving of the profoundest sympathy. The object of her story—if it have one—is to demonstrate the self-sacrificing nature of woman and the universal, unredeemable selfishness of man. That, of course is all very well—everybody knows that no man has ever given up anything for another's sake, and that no woman has ever kept anything for her own. Still we cannot help thinking that the brag and pose of the self-conscious angel at any rate palliates a certain amount of ingratitude on the other side. Another point that injures Mrs. Randolph's crusade against masculine selfishness is the exaggerated snobbishness of all her amiable characters. The way in which they are agast with horror at the thought of marrying into trade, their views of what constitutes social position and duty, and their pharisaical attitude towards all who are not as they are, are all so exceptionally vulgar that Mrs. Randolph's own failure to realise the true character of the people she was holding up for admiration or sympathy is rather amazing. On the whole, the ordinary reader will, in nine cases out of ten, be irritated into sympathy with the wrong people—self-made men, and other contemptible creatures of that kind. It need not be said that any novel from Mrs. Randolph's pen is uncompromisingly sentimental. When she attempts humour, as in the case of an impossible detective, or else satire, she is out of her element altogether. Her series of novels with floral titles is neither improved nor otherwise by this latest addition thereto. There is less plot than usual, but there are all the specially characteristic elements that have no doubt gained for her the popularity which so long a series implies.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—From hence come two musical novelties of a highly interesting character, from the pen of an old master with whose name is generally associated grand fugues and music of a sacred and classical character. "Bach's Comic Cantatas" will take many musical people by surprise. From a very admirable and exhaustive preface, written by Samuel Reay, Mus. Bac., Oxon., to whom the public is indebted for the appearance in an English form of "The Coffee Cantata" and "The Peasant's Cantata," by John Sebastian Bach, we learn that these beautiful works were first published in Germany some time subsequent to the year 1842, under the editorship of S. W. Dehn, who copied for the Press an enormous number of works by J. S. Bach. A copy of these cantatas came into the hands of Mr. Reay in 1849, but they were not heard in public until 1879, when they were produced at the Bow and Bromley Institute, and created a great sensation in the musical world. But little is known of the "Coffee Cantata," the argument of which is a humorous dialogue between a father and daughter on the subject of drinking coffee, the former insisting that the latter shall give up the delicious stimulant, the latter refusing to do so; on the old gentleman threatening that "she shall never have a husband" the young lady pretends to yield, but makes a mental reservation on the subject. The music is full of vivacity, and exactly suited to the merry theme. But two soloists are needed—a pure, high soprano, and a bass, together with a small chorus or quartet. The libretto is founded on a translation by Mr. R. H. Alcock, a friend of the editor's.—"The Peasant's Cantata" represents a village fête, with the orthodox lord of the manor, who is very generous, and the tyrannical bailiff, who is just the reverse. Here again but two solo voices are required, a bass and a soprano, with a mixed chorus. Several old German melodies are introduced in this cantata, with a very satisfactory result, the music, whether original or adapted, is very charming, and we hope that in the course of the autumn season one or more of our choral societies will take these cantatas in hand, and introduce them to the public in London. The English version of "The Peasant's Cantata" is by Mrs. William Newton, who is an excellent German scholar.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Vol. II. of "Original Tunes to Popular Hymns for Use in Church and Home," by Joseph Barnby, will prove a very welcome addition to the repertory of all choirs; many of the tunes are already known and well-established favourites, whilst some new ones will make a pleasing change from the too-frequent repetition which wearies us even with the most charming compositions. We commend this volume to the attention of all church choirs.—Nos. 252 to 256 of "Novello's

Octavo Anthems" are :—"Death and Life," the devotional words by Dean Stanley, set to appropriate music by Walter Parratt. "There was a Marriage in Cana of Galilee," a wedding anthem by J. Stainer, well adapted for the purpose intended. "For Ever Blessed" (*Beati Mortui*), and "The Righteous Living for Ever" (*Periti Aeterni*), both by Mendelssohn, arranged for two tenors and two basses; and "Come Unto Me," composed by H. R. Coudrey, with soprano, solo, and chorus.—A sacred part-song, music by F. K. Hattersley, is "They That Wait Upon the Lord," smoothly written, intended to be sung unaccompanied, no very arduous task.—Longfellow's charming poem "Daybreak" has been tastefully set to music for chorus with pianoforte or orchestral accompaniment by Eton Fanning.—Three of the principal songs from A. C. Mackenzie's grand new opera *Columba* will be appreciated by amateurs in search of the novel and good. We must caution concert singers and givers that not more than two pieces from this work may be given at one time, a somewhat useless and irksome restriction. The songs before us are :—"Old Corsican Ballad," sung by Chilina, melodious, and of medium compass for a soprano; "Corsican Love Song," a very tuneful ditty for a tenor; and "Gentle Dove, Thy Voice is Sad," the prettiest soprano solo in the opera.—"Little Lass o' Bray," written and composed by E. Oxenford and G. Davies, is a pretty ballad of the conventional rustic type so much in vogue just now.—Organists will find useful "Arrangements for the Organ," by G. C. Martin; they comprise a slow movement from a quintet of Schumann's, and a "Minuet" by Beethoven.—The "Intermezzo" ("On the Waters") from the dramatic cantata, "Jason," composed by A. C. Mackenzie, has been admirably arranged by the composer as a duet for the pianoforte; we commend it to the notice of students.—Precisely the same may be said of "Ekkehard," sketches for the pianoforte illustrating the novel bearing that name by Joseph V. von Scheffel, music by Heinrich Hofmann.

THE ROYAL MARINES

THE earliest record we have of the Royal Marines appears in Charles II.'s reign (the year 1664), and an Order in Council, dated April 1st, 1668, sets forth : "It is this day ordered by His Majesty in Council that his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, Lord General of His Majesty's forces, be, and he is hereby authorised and desired to draw and furnish such numbers of soldiers out of His Majesty's Foot Guards for His Majesty's Service at Sea this summer as His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, &c., may require." The first regiment (raised for service afloat 1664) was styled, in the returns of the General Review on Putney Heath, October, 1684, the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot. It consisted of twelve companies, without Grenadiers, had yellow coats, lined with red, and their colours bore the St. George's Cross. The different regiments took their titles from Royal personages—such as the "Holland" (Prince George of Denmark's regiment), 4th in the line, and at the death of the Prince, 1708, it took the name of the 3rd Buffs (old). Then there were also the "Young Buffs" (1702), with scarlet coats, buff waistcoats, breeches, and stockings. The latter title has long since been laid aside. The "Old Buffs" had an exclusive privilege conferred upon them by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, that of being allowed to march through the City with bayonets fixed and drums playing, which privilege exists at the present day. The origin of such a distinction is unknown.

The Marines have always been considered as occupying a peculiar position in the service, especially by the "Blue-jackets," and many are the records of feuds which for several years had existed between the two bodies, notably at the time of the Mutinies at the Nore and Spithead. In those days, and even more recently, it had been customary to keep the Marines within barracks when a ship was "paid off," in order to prevent a collision with the jack tars. The Marine is now and ever was to be depended upon "on board" in quelling anything like mutiny, particularly in former days, when disturbances were easily fomented by harsh service, and in the time of the pressgang. Unlike his shipmates, he always had to swear allegiance to the Sovereign, and in consequence was looked upon with suspicion, and, to say the most, as the policeman, ever on the watch; and not being either a soldier or a sailor, was generally described as a "joey," a "jolly," a "shell back," &c.

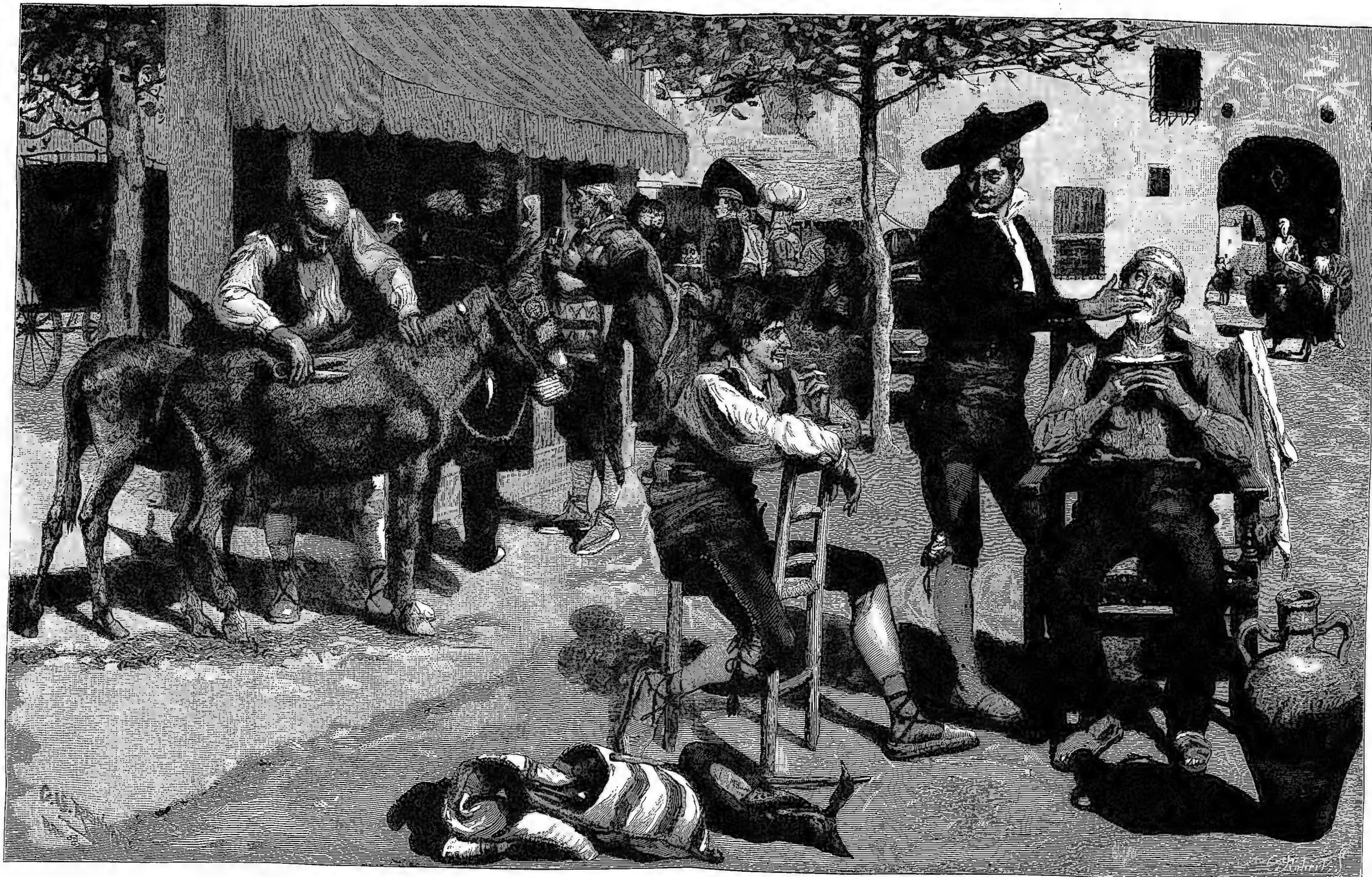
Times are much changed now, for "tween decks" Jack and Joe are on the best of terms with each other. In fact, the Marines and Blue-jackets' duties are somewhat analogous both afloat and on shore. In former times, when a "shipmate" was "spinning a yarn" of doubtful accuracy, it was received by a rejoinder, "You go and tell that to the Marines." Now, if any difficult or distinguished services are required, it is "Go to the Marines"—the justness of the expression has particularly been shown by the recent brilliant events which have taken place in Egypt and Southern Africa, &c.

The Marines not only have had to submit to the indignity of being looked down upon, but also, until very recently, have been the worst paid men, notwithstanding that their duties are so arduous. Another grievance was that they were mostly without a General Officer and had no representative in the Government. The Duke of Clarence was Lord High Admiral and General, as was Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Edinburgh is now Honorary Colonel.

There are in the United Kingdom but three Grand Divisions of Marines, viz., at Chatham, Devonport, and Portsmouth, or rather Forton Barracks, Gosport. The number of men located at these last-named barracks, which constitute the largest dépôt, is 860, commanded by Colonel W. H. W. Bennett. This contingent (the red) is like the other divisions, styled Royal Marine Light Infantry. The 4th dépôt, that of the Royal Marine Artillery (Blue Marines), are stationed at Eastney (Portsmouth). The Marine is a most handy creature. Not that he is naturally a more intelligent person than men in other corps, but his education is of a most extensive and general character. He is taught to wash and make his own clothes, cook, make and splice ropes, shoes, &c., besides having to learn the infantry and gunnery drills on board ship and ashore, to row, and carry out various other requirements. As far as appearance in smartness and cleanliness is concerned, he can compare favourably with any soldier in the world. Each man is specially fitted for his suit (in other branches of the service the uniform is ready-made). Every recruit is scrupulously examined even to his feet and teeth, imperfection in either would very likely disqualify him. The standard height, under twenty years, is 5 feet 6 inches, over twenty, 5 feet 6½ inches. If a recruit is successful he is sent to Deal, where he learns soldier's and sailor's drill and rowing, and is at the end of twelve months transferred to one of the three Grand Divisions, or, if he volunteers for the Royal Marine Artillery, is sent to Eastney.

The number of Marines afloat and ashore is 6,200 each. For one year's service ashore they do three or four afloat.

ANGLOMANIA in dress still affects young Parisian dandies, and M. Jules Claretie in his amusing weekly gossip in the Paris *Temps*, is alarmed lest the Gallic *boudinés*, as he calls them, should copy all English eccentricities too closely. His description of the evening garb of a "pure Englishman," however, is rather astonishing, and will hardly be recognised by London society—i.e., a tight frock coat, waistcoat, and kneebreeches in blue or red cloth, with the coat of arms of the owner embroidered on the lining of the coat-tails. Perhaps M. Claretie has mistaken the lackey for the master, and the Englishman in correct evening swallow-tail for the waiter.



"A STREET BARBER-SPAIN"

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART



I.

THE *Fortnightly* for May is good all round. Of Lord R. Churchill's clever mutinous "Elijah's Mantle" enough has been already said. Although alone in his open rejection of Sir S. Northcote's leadership, Lord Randolph we fancy has very many on his side when he argues that in politics as in war the golden rule is to beat the enemy whenever there is a chance. "Take office when it suits you; put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can," was the maxim of Lord Beaconsfield, and for this end, as Lord Randolph shows, he did not disdain the temporary aid of very uncongenial allies. As a bit of relentless hard-hitting the article seems to us decidedly effective: it is weakest where it attempts to be constructive. As yet Lord Randolph has more of the Murat than of the Napoleon.—"Carlyle In Society and At Home," by Mr. Venables, Q.C., is another very interesting paper—a draught of sober common-sense after the witches' potion of shrieks and wails and wild exaggeration which it is the fashion to pour out for us whenever Carlyle and his wife are mentioned. Gifted as both were with an imaginative power which made each word a two-edged sword, we must not judge their sayings as they appear nakedly in print, or as Carlyle might have looked back upon them in the bewildering sorrow of a great bereavement. Mr. Venables lets us see the impression made at the time, and the attendant circumstances which deprived the satiric speech of all real bitterness. There is a trivial little anecdote at page 639, which seems to us to throw a flood of light on the character and domestic relations of the pair.—Of two excellent notices, one of the late "John Richard Green," the other of "Henry J. Stephen Smith," the second will give most readers for the first time some adequate notion of the scientific greatness of the accomplished but retiring student whose genius in the field of pure mathematics may best be compared to that of Gauss; the former tells us touchingly and sadly how Green expended himself for "the ten best years of his life" in a hopeless battle with the dull indifference of a squalid irresponsible East End parish.—Mr. Auberon Herbert's "Politician in Trouble About His Soul" is more prolix and less sparkling in its dialogue than last month; but it has instead some clever character drawing, notably in the public meeting scene where Mr. Bastian, M.P., is one of the chief speakers.

The *Nineteenth Century* is light and readable. Mr. Laing-Meason compares "The Detective Police" of France and England greatly to the disparagement of the latter; and it must be owned that the unsuspected *mouchard*, moving in good society, and chosen for some especial work—the detection, say, of fraudulent speculators, or of "modern Greeks" at fashionable clubs—has no analogue in our own force. Still, we cannot help thinking the secret agent would do little without the privacy which is possible abroad in preliminary inquiries before a *Juge de Paix*, and, after all, the great hits of the French detective seem chiefly made among the higher class of criminals, and in cases where it is desirable to avoid scandal. It is not so clear that the dangerous classes generally are kept in better order abroad than here.—Mr. Froude's "Unsolved Historical Riddle" is a finely written description of the misfortunes of Antonio Perez, and the rising in Arragon which caused the abolition of the old "Fueros" or "Privileges" of that kingdom. The "Riddle" itself seems now sufficiently explained by the attempt of Philip II.—a despot troubled with a conscience—to play the part of Providence in an underhand way until things at last became so entangled that he could only extricate himself by something very like treachery to the unworthy agent of his will.—General Schomberg, far from wishing us to disband our "Marines," would rather augment them as an invaluable first reserve while the second, or Naval Reserve, is getting into form. But the Marines must go unless we do justice to the officers. As it is, men who have proved their ability in the Staff College and before the enemy are shelved for life because the Admiralty has nothing to give them, and the Horse Guards say, "You don't belong to us."—Dr. Cameron dwells strongly ("The Law a Respector of Persons") on the inequalities of the law of debtor and creditor in England, where men who owe large sums get off easily, while those whose debts range from 40s. to 10l. are often imprisoned again and again; the imprisonment, nominally for contempt of Court, in no case wiping out the debt. In Scotland, through Dr. Cameron's exertions, imprisonment for debt has now been abolished altogether; on the other hand, the creditor has gained by the institution of a cheap and summary form of bankruptcy, and by an Act which brings fraudulent debtors expressly within the range of the Public Prosecutor.—Of the lighter articles the most amusing is Mr. Kay Robinson's clever attempt to show from what we see going on of the processes of natural selection that the "Man of the Future" will be a "toothless, hairless, slow-moving animal, with feet which have no division between the toes, averse to fighting, and only maintaining his position on the strength of one or two peculiar convolutions in his brain." For the matter of teeth and hair we have only to compare the civilised man with the savage, and tight boots have already produced a considerable percentage of beings who have two or more toes united throughout their length.

UP AND DOWN BOND STREET

THERE was a time, according to those conscientious topographers to whose indefatigable researches we are indebted for so many curious gleanings concerning the city in which we live, when the above-mentioned locality, dating from 1686, and deriving its name from Thomas Bond, comptroller of Henrietta Maria's household, was not merely—what it has been for more years than we can remember—a fashionable lounge, but also the chosen residence of a long list of notabilities, who at one period or another have conferred on it a permanent or temporary celebrity. It has successively counted among its inhabitants the great Lord Chatham and Charles Jenkinson the future Earl of Liverpool, Bennet Langton, the industrious letter-writer Mrs. Delany, the witty Selwyn, and Sir Thomas Lawrence; in this populous thoroughfare Gibbon, fresh from Lausanne, and undisturbed by the carriages constantly rolling beneath his windows, pursued his solitary studies; and Thomson, in his lodgings at the milliner's, wrote verses in praise of a country life. Here, in 1769, Boswell gave his famous dinner, which has formed the subject of one of Mr. Frith's best pictures, to Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Garrick; and here also, one year earlier, in his humble quarters at the "Silk Bag Shop," the author of "Tristram Shandy," "that playful and profound humourist," as Leigh Hunt graphically styles him, breathed his last.

That time is far from us, and with few rare exceptions the dwellers in Bond Street at the present day cannot be said to have much in common with its aristocratic denizens a century ago; statesmen and poets have alike deserted it, and the tide of fashion, flowing uninterruptedly westward, has left scarcely a trace of patrician exclusiveness in the long range of houses of more or less architectural pretensions, mostly tenanted by shopkeepers, or let out in apartments. In other respects, however, it has undergone comparatively little change; it is still a central point of attraction for the lounge, and possesses a certain *cachet* of elegance and liveliness peculiarly its own. In parts it might advantageously be wider; and, as is generally

the case, the particular portion of it where a yard or two of extra space would be a positive boon, is invariably crowded to excess.

For the mere lounge, whose chief occupation in life is to kill time as pleasantly as he can, Bond Street is a perfect Paradise, a perpetually varying exhibition, the daily contemplation of which he regards as an indispensable duty; he knows the contents of the shop-windows by heart, and rarely vouchsafes a glance in their direction, unless his gastronomic propensities are stimulated by the aspect of an abnormally fine specimen of turbot or salmon, or his olfactory nerves tickled by some unusually fragrant emanation from the laboratory of the perfumer. A passing look at the playbills in their respective frames at the music-seller's may perhaps suggest the possible employment of his evening, but his attention is speedily diverted by the spectacle of the splendidly mounted guards returning from St. James's, or by the smartly-appointed pony phaeton guided by a pretty charioteer, and proceeding at a foot's pace simultaneously with its fellow victims of the "block;" and not until he has leisurely accomplished the entire distance from Piccadilly to Brook Street, and *vice versa*, pausing every now and then to accost an acquaintance or quietly anathematise the "sandwich men," who continually obstruct his progress, does he make up his mind to tear himself away from the animated scene, and prepare for his afternoon rubber at the club.

During the height of the season, when Bond Street is seen at its best, a man must indeed be misanthropically disposed if he fail to enjoy a stroll from one extremity to the other. At such a moment it offers as bright a picture as any city in the world can boast. The most attractive shops in London—and nowhere are the marvels of art and industry more seductively displayed—vie with each other in tasteful decoration and brilliancy of colour; while for galleries of paintings, and every imaginable temptation to extract a shilling from the purse, there is really *l'embarras du choix*. You hesitate between the masterpieces of Gustave Doré, where an obliging gentleman in a white tie will blandly solicit your subscription for a proof engraving of the picture you have just been admiring, and the "greenery gallery" Grosvenor Gallery, where æstheticism reigns supreme, and the votaries of the sunflower congregate in devotional ecstasy; and where also, thanks to an intelligent administration, you may enjoy the luxuries of a reading-room and a capital dinner at an almost nominal price. Or if, less gregariously inclined, and a disciple of the solitude-loving Zimmermann, you prefer to invest your coin in the contemplation of any one of the minor artistic exhibitions springing up every year like mushrooms, they are legion, and by consulting your own particular taste you may either gratify your sporting proclivities by inspecting the pictorial casualties of the hunting-field, or familiarise yourself with the finest points of view in Switzerland without the trouble of going there.

Of the two famous hotels which once counted among the glories of the street, one alone remains. The "Clarendon," for so many years the favourite resort of patrician elegance, has vanished into space, and its luxurious dinners, and commensurate charges, are alike forgotten; "Long's," however, still flourishes as the chosen *piéd à terre* of houseless bachelors, to all intents and purposes as prosperous as when Walter Scott took up his quarters there in 1815. Those who can carry back their memories a decade later, will remember more than one familiar figure inseparably associated with the Bond Street of bygone days, and recall to mind Sir St. Vincent Cotton in his ponderous overcoat, ornamented with huge mother-of-pearl buttons, on his way to steer the Brighton coach from the "White Horse Cellar," and as they pass No. 27, will conjure up the good-natured face of old Ebers, the adventurous bookseller who boldly undertook the management of the Italian opera, and at the end of seven years discovered that he had lost over forty thousand pounds by the speculation. His son-in-law and successor in the publishing business, our excellent and lamented friend Harrison Ainsworth, then a youth fresh from Manchester, soon grew weary of this to him uncongenial occupation, and abandoned the idea of selling books for that of writing them; one of the very few works issued from his establishment, and bearing his name on the title-page, being Hood's "National Tales" in two volumes, illustrated, if we mistake not, by Dighton. Another librarian-manager, whose courtesy was proverbial, and whose liberality is still held in grateful remembrance by the artistic world, was John Mitchell, for a long series of years the popular *impresario* of the French play. To him we are indebted for the gradual naturalisation in London of the Gallic drama, and for our earliest acquaintance with its best interpreters, including such time-honoured names as those of Rachel, Déjazet, Rose Chéri, Lafont, Arnal, and Bouffé; by his energy and perseverance he merited and obtained the respect of all who knew him, and his relinquishment of the directorial sceptre left a void which has only recently been filled up. With him the presiding spirit of the little corner shop is gone; but it is still the rendezvous *par excellence* of its class, and long may it continue so!

Why all the jewellers in Bond Street congregate together within a radius of a couple of hundred yards is a secret best known to themselves, and as much may be said of the perfumers, whose slightly oppressive odours are by no means calculated to induce the passing pedestrian to linger at their doors; whether such an agglomeration of kindred specialities be profitable or not to the owners thereof is a mystery as difficult of solution as the analogous hallucination indulged in by the medical men of Grosvenor Street, every second house in which fashionable locality is more or less abundantly colonised by them. Coming nearer Piccadilly, we miss the familiar name of Willis, who has transported his household gods and aristocratic customers to Down Street; and, crossing over to the opposite footway, inspect the ornamental articles exposed for sale in the new arcade leading to Albemarle Street, affording a convenient shelter during a shower, but, as far as our personal experience goes, moderately frequented by purchasers, and bearing a certain resemblance to that Parisian Sahara, the Passage Vendôme.

As we are fairly within reach of its more eminent and old-established rival, we may as well profit by the access to it through Mr. Truefitt's emporium, and terminate our rambles by exploring that Eden of loungers, country cousins, and children, the Burlington Arcade. Many a long year has elapsed since we first gazed with wondering eyes at the seemingly inexhaustible supply of parti-coloured balls, kites, and skipping ropes, so temptingly displayed in the toy-shop windows; and glanced with reverential awe at the imposing figure of the beadle, with his cocked hat and cane, at the Piccadilly entrance. That terrible functionary has been replaced by a couple of sedate and tightly-buttoned-up janitors, but in other respects the Arcade has undergone little change; the shapes of the bonnets at the milliner's have been altered in accordance with the decrees of fashion, and the narrowest ties substituted for the folding cravats of bygone days; but the same shops, or others exactly like them, are still there, and, for all we know to the contrary, the same proprietors also.

Until about three o'clock in the afternoon, this link between Piccadilly and Cork Street is little frequented, save by individuals in a hurry who use it as a short cut, and pass rapidly through without stopping; but from that hour, especially on rainy days, it is generally crowded with visitors of both sexes; and it may be incidentally remarked that, although a printed notice at either end expressly declares smoking to be strictly prohibited within its precincts, every second man you meet has a cigar or cigarette in his mouth, an infraction of regulations probably much approved of by the local tobacconist. It has, moreover, its regular *habitués*, for whom an ante-prandian stroll in the Arcade appears to be as indispensable a necessary as absinthe is to a Boulevard idler; and who saunter up and down with an air of quasi-ownership, complacently criticising

every pretty face they meet, and seldom bestowing even a stray glance upon the thousand and one elegant trifles daintily assorted for the captivation of the passing stranger. One class of visitors has of late years ceased to put in an appearance at the general rendezvous; the literary men, who formerly patronised the foreign book shop on the left side of the Piccadilly entrance have transferred their allegiance elsewhere, the establishment in question having long since been numbered with the things of the past. The dramatic adapters, who impatiently awaited there the arrival of the last new Variétés or Palais Royal farce, with a view of converting it into an "original" novelty for the Olympic or Adelphi, have vanished from the scene; and poor Jeffs, the courteous high priest of this once popular sanctum, after coming to grief both here and at Brighton, has either gone over to the majority or migrated we know not whither.

CHARLES HERVEY

RECENT DEMOLITIONS AT WESTMINSTER

THE house occupied by the late Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, was one of the three which, through the negligence of the then Dean and Chapter, were handed over at nominal prices at their next vacancies to Westminster School. Ashburnham House, the most important of the three, first fell vacant by the death of Lord John Thynne. The proposal to demolish it raised a storm of public opinion which the Governing Body were powerless to resist, mainly owing to the unsatisfactory state of the school itself, to inquire into which Mr. Gladstone has been memorialised to issue a Royal Commission, the house, therefore, still stands, though it has been injured by injudicious alterations. The next was the house which we illustrate to-day, and the Governors,

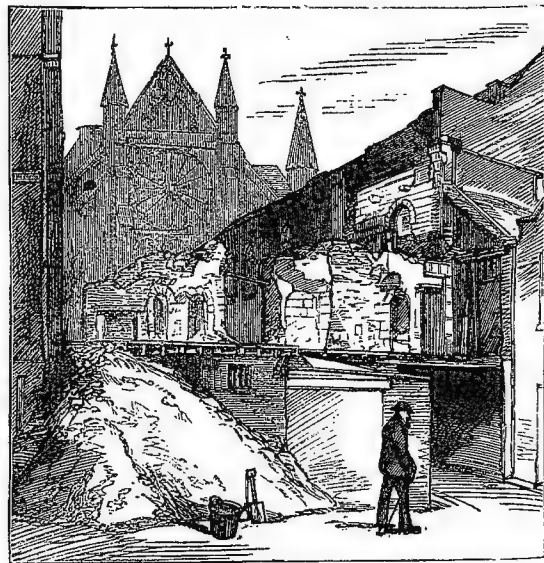


Mr. Turle's House

evidently wishing to be beforehand with the public, pulled it down as soon as they obtained possession. It stood between the Misericorde, now included in Ashburnham House, and the great Dormitory, now the school room. As a house it dated from about the beginning of the sixteenth century, but there were older works, reaching back so far as the eleventh, built up in it.

This Tudor house was one of those built for the higher officers of the Abbey, who, before the Suppression, were becoming more like canons than monks in their mode of life. It suited the wants of the new foundation, and was added to and "improved" by its occupants for three centuries, until it had become the picturesque pile shown in our woodcut, taken from a water-colour drawing by Miss S. A. Turle. Inside it was a good-sized and convenient house, and would, with necessary repairs, have served the purpose of a Canon's house for many years yet to come. Its destruction is a distinct loss to the historical record of the Abbey.

Some of the most ancient work which was embedded in the house has been left, and we hope it may still be permitted to



Monastic Remains

stand. Our second cut shows the ruins in their present state. To the right is seen part of the old dormitory wall, and in it a round-headed window, the detail of which shows it to be as old as the eleventh century. Its existence is not a new discovery, but its exposure has made it so to most people. The row of arches across the front belongs to the old reredorter, the western part of which was pulled down soon after the Suppression, except this, its north wall, which formed the south wall of the Tudor House. What is now seen was originally the inside of the wall. The arches, formed of alternate blocks of tufa and chalk, show that they also belong to the eleventh century.

The front of the house, with its picturesque overhanging gallery, was, although of timber, clearly part of the same design as the brick front of Ashburnham House, and there is, therefore, good reason for assigning it to Inigo Jones.



"ICE-PACK AND TUNDRA," by W. H. Gilder (S. Low and Co.), is the narrative of a disaster. Since the fate of Franklin there has been no darker page in Arctic story than that which records the loss of the *Jeannette*, and the death by starvation of her captain and his boat's crew; and by a strange coincidence it has fallen to the same writer who gave us in "Schwarka's Search" the last news of the English explorer, to tell us now how, as *Herald* correspondent on board the relief-ship *Rodgers*, he received the first reports of the survivors of Mr. Bennett's ship, and the journals Captain de Long had kept from day to day until the pencil fell from his stiffened hands. The ill-luck which had dogged the *Jeannette* seemed to extend to the *Rodgers* Expedition as well. The *Rodgers* had barely reached her winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Behring's Straits when she caught fire in the night, and burned so rapidly that the crew could save little beyond their lives, and, far from being able to relieve others, were themselves compelled to pass a Siberian winter in the scantily provided encampments of the coast tribes. In this emergency Mr. Gilder was ordered to make the best of his way to Nishne Kolymsk, and from thence to the nearest telegraph station in Siberia to wire news of the accident to Washington, and afterwards to carry home the official report of the captain. On the Kolyma he first heard a distorted account of the loss of the *Jeannette*, though full particulars did not reach him till he arrived at Werchojansk, when he at once diverged from his path for the delta of the River Lena in the hope of joining Engineer Melville and his search party. While en route a packet was put into his hands containing Melville's narrative of the discovery of his dead shipmates, and the journals of the unfortunate De Long; and these documents, together with the parallel narrative of the two sailors, Nindermann and Noros, whom De Long had sent away to seek for help, form the most striking portion of the volume, as they are also the most accurate account of a catastrophe about which conflicting statements have been current. But the personal narrative, which proceeds and follows—the story of the outward voyage of the *Rodgers*, of the sledge journey among the Yakouts, of the detention by floods upon the Lena—is little less interesting, and is marked with an avoidance of unimportant details which Arctic travellers generally would do well to imitate. Unlike the journals of successful explorations, with their tendency to speak lightly of dangers that have been escaped, Mr. Gilder's volume gives the reverse side of the medal. Apart, indeed, from the main tragedy, there are few tales more grim than that of Putnam, lost upon an ice-floe through taking a wrong turn; or of the water-logged whaler *Vigilant*, drifting on the rocks with four frozen corpses in the fore-castle.

A dainty "boke y-clothed in black and red," "Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), completes the series of Mr. A. C. Hare's helps to English travellers in Italy. The Mentor here has to face the double difficulty that, while one part of the country is almost too well known, few know, or care to know, much about the rest. All tourists worthy of the name explore the coast as far as Paestum, and some at least of the chief towns of Sicily. The rest of that island, and all the mainland region which was once "Great Greece," are, perhaps, even less visited than in the days when people travelled leisurely and railways were unknown. And fashion, as often happens, has reason on its side. Brigandage, to be sure, is now of rare occurrence, and its prey, when it does crop up, is rather the native landowner than the traveller. But dirt and discomfort, beggars and malaria, are abiding evils, which Mr. Hare, as it seems to us, is rather disposed to exaggerate than to understate. One would not, for instance, guess from his descriptions of Crotona that M. Lenormant passed some days there very tolerably, and thought its neighbour, Catanzaro, a town which in itself would repay the journey to Calabria. The conscientious explorer of Italian byeways will still prefer Gsell-fels or even Murray. But the fastidious pleasure-tourist will find in Mr. Hare an adviser who will never recommend a halt where he will be subjected to unendurable discomfort, and the home reader will derive from the pretty engravings fair notions of scenes and places of which a page of illustration often tells more than a dozen pages of descriptive text.

"Our Tour in Southern India," by Mrs. Murray-Aynsley (F. V. White and Co.), is a fairly written volume, much overweighted with historic details of a kind which any reader may gather for himself in the nearest "manual for schools and colleges." Still, the country traversed presented many points of interest, and its temples and pagodas—a special object of "Our Tour," and in some respects among the most noteworthy architectural remains in India—though often written about, very well bear to be described anew. Incidentally, too, the writer tells us a good deal about the native population. The standard of living particularly impressed her as much higher than in Upper India, though the district was then only beginning to recover from the terrible famine of 1875-6. Cochin and Travancore, indeed, with their neat villages and two-storied houses, reminded her of some parts of Germany. Perhaps Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, who writes well and ably of missionary work in Southern India, is not altogether wrong in tracing some connection between this material prosperity and the relaxing of the iron rules of caste wherever considerable numbers become Christianised.

Mr. Clement Markham's "War Between Chili and Peru" (S. Low and Co.),—a volume based upon official documents—is a brief and brilliant narrative of a struggle which deserved more attention than it has received, whether we look to the savage valour of the combatants, or to the skilful tactics of the numerically weaker power, and the importance of the naval actions in which torpedo met torpedo, and ironclad ironclad, in regular battle, or in the varied operations of a blockade. The command of the sea given at the outset in favour of Chili by the running aground of the *Independencia*, and placed beyond all possibility of contest by the subsequent capture of the ram *Huascar*, was decisive of the final issue of the war. The towns of the Peruvian sea-board, separated from one another by impracticable deserts, could offer no combined resistance to the descent of expeditionary squadrons, while on land the stubborn courage of the native Indians and the hot zeal of the hastily-enlisted Volunteers were equally vain against the well-organised Chilean regulars, and the superiority of the invader in cavalry and artillery. Even the one Peruvian victory at Tarapaca did but secure at frightful cost of life the safe retreat of the victorious brigade. That the war was forced by Chili upon her neighbour is a statement as to which there may be two opinions. But Mr. Markham's sympathies with the vanquished in no way impair the value of a book which may claim a high place among the lesser military histories of our time.

In his translation from the Catalan of "The Chronicle of King James I. of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror" (2 vols., Chapman and Hall), the late Mr. Forster has revealed to the English reader one of the least known and most curious of royal autobiographies. Unfortunately his text was that of 1547, "replete with obscure words derived possibly from the Arabic." Nor was he aware that in the public library at Barcelona was a fourteenth-century copy of the original MS. (so long preserved in the monastery at Poblet) from which within the last three years a new and more accurate edition has been published. All necessary corrections have since

been made, and notes and an historical introduction added by Señor Pascual de Gayangos, formerly Arabic Professor at Madrid, and the whole is now offered to the English students of Spanish history as an authentic chronicle of the far-off times, when the fairer half of the Iberian Peninsula was still in the possession of the Moors. That the chronicle is the work of James himself is generally admitted, though certain palpable additions by the monkish copyists, and one or two inconsistencies in dates, have occasionally raised unjust suspicions. The briefest inspection at once brings to light a host of passages which could only have been written by the chief actor in the scenes described. For proof that Don Jayme deserved his title of the Conqueror we need only glance at the map of Spain at his accession and at his death. It is enough to say that the realm of Aragon was extended in his reign to the confines of Andalusia by the successive conquests of Valencia and Murcia, to which he had previously added the gain of the Balearic Islands; and the ground thus won was permanently secured. Cool and sagacious rather than boldly daring, Don Jayme was not more skilled in making conquests than in consolidating the dominions he had won. Comparatively merciful even to Saracens when they had once submitted, he was gladly followed to the field by the Peers of Aragon, the *richs homens*, who scarcely acknowledged any lord, because each conquest meant for them new fiefs and booty on so liberal a scale that, as the Conquistador said once himself, "All were content, for each man thought he had got more than any of the others." On certain incidents described by others of the Conqueror's private life the Royal author is discreetly silent. Like his father, whose defeat and death at Muzet is explained by his son with *naïve* simplicity, Don Jayme was profligate in the extreme. Heaven would not, he once told his confessor, be hard upon a man who had done good service against the infidel.

The new "Club Almanach" (W. Hinrichsen, Rue des Saints Pères, Paris; and W. H. Trench, 74, Fleet Street) will be for sportsmen in good society all that the "Almanach de Gotha" (which it in some measure supplements) has long been to politicians and genealogists. Divided into two unequal halves, it gives in the first part the reigning sovereigns, the Orders of Knighthood, the Parliaments and Congresses of the Old World and the New, together with some select monographies of noble houses like the Festsches, the Fürstenbergs, or the Hamiltons; and, in the second and larger, a complete catalogue of the chief social and sporting clubs throughout the world, with lists of the members in the case of the latter; tables of yachting, and of rowing clubs; and copious notices of sport in all countries, from race-meetings to hunting fixtures, for the past and for the current year—the whole done so fully that while in one page we may read all about the French Jockey Club, or the Cercle des Patineurs, in another, not far off, we shall find particulars of the clubs of Manchester or of Newton Abbot. Like the "Almanach de Gotha," too, the new publication has its half-dozen illustrations, among them, on the title-page, a good likeness of the Prince of Wales, to whom the work is dedicated by permission, and two others further on of the Duc d'Aumale, and the last Derby winner, Shotover. A very few errors, chiefly typographical, excepted, the mass of information brought together is simply wonderful for amount and accuracy.

The illustrations from the Ashburnham Pentateuch which we published last week were from phototypes kindly lent to us by Messrs. Asher and Co., of 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. These two plates form part of a series of twenty plates—nineteen phototypes and one chromo-lithograph—shortly to be issued by Messrs. Asher and Co., as reproductions of the drawings in the celebrated Vulgate Pentateuch of the seventh century commonly called, and lately much talked of as "the Ashburnham Pentateuch." These plates will be published by Messrs. Asher and Co. in a portfolio, and will be accompanied by explanatory and critical letterpress from the pen of the eminent German scholar, Dr. Oscar von Gebhardt. The Ashburnham Pentateuch is of unique interest, being the earliest monument of Christian pictorial art of the West yet brought to light. The reproductions of these drawings will, therefore, be looked forward to with the utmost eagerness by all interested in the history of Christian art. The portfolio will be issued to subscribers at three guineas.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS IN CHINA

SOME years ago, when commanding H.M.S. *G—*, I was stationed for a considerable time at Canton, and it was while on a shooting expedition up one of the arms of the Fatshan Creek that I first saw the "fishing cormorants" at work. We were drifting along with the rising tide when, on rounding a point, we saw a long, low raft of bamboo moored under the right-hand bank, on which were a Chinese fisherman, a basket, a paddle, and five duck-like birds, which we at once concluded to be some of the celebrated "fishing cormorants" of the East. We also imagined that this might be our only opportunity for witnessing their singular mode of fishing, and, consequently, ran our boat into the bank, in the hope that the Chinaman, for a small "cum-shaw," would gratify our curiosity.

We were not disappointed.

Scarcely had we made our boat fast, when he reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of which at once waddled up to him and stepped into his open palm. He now smoothed its feathers with his other hand, bent his mouth to its arched neck for a moment, and then put it on the edge of the raft. Then the bird dipped its bill in the water once or twice, snapped its head from side to side, gave its tail several flirts, and ended by diving suddenly into the turbid water that washed the raft.

In the mean time, the four remaining cormorants were huddled together on the far end of the raft, drying their feathers, twitching their tails, and looking quite cool and comfortable. After being down from ten to fifteen seconds, the absent explorer hopped suddenly out of the water with a fish of about a quarter of a pound weight in his mouth; swimming up to his master he gave up his prize, and jumping upon his knee, shook himself while the fish was being stowed in the basket. His master then stroked him down as before, much to his apparent delight, whispered again in his ear, and placed him once more on the edge of the raft.

Again he dived, and again he came up with a fish. He then underwent a similar process of caressing, and was once more placed on the water's edge. Now, however, fortune seemed to have left him. He had no fish when, after a protracted absence, he arose, and he seemed at a loss what to do. He turned himself around in the water several times, keeping his eye fixed on his master, as if asking permission to try again. Suddenly the latter made a motion with his hand, and down the bird went. When he came up he brought a fish nearly a foot long, which struggled violently, as though surprised at the unusual situation in which it found itself. The fish was put in the basket, the proud bird once more caressed, and then placed gently in the centre of the raft instead of upon its edge as formerly.

This seemed to tell him that his services were no longer required, and that he had acquitted himself with considerable credit; for he moved off to the other end of the raft with the stately step of a conqueror, while the next in turn advanced to supply his place. They seemed to regulate their movements by a nod or motion of the hand from their master.

Cormorant No. 2 was not as sprightly a looking bird as his predecessor; nevertheless he brought up a fish at his first dive, gave a prelude with his expanded tail, and swam to his master to give up his

prize. He was treated exactly as the other, and replaced on the edge of the raft. There he sat a few moments perfectly motionless, but, seeming suddenly to see a fish, dropped off like a piece of lead, and nothing was seen of him for at least half-a-minute. Then he came to the surface with a spring that took him nearly out of the water, but with no fish. His actions now expressed his disappointment almost as plainly as words could have done. He did not swim towards his master as formerly, but kept sculling about in a small circle, with his bright, steady glance fixed on him, at the imminent risk of twisting his own neck. The master pointed down with his finger, and down went the bird. Up he came—but no fish. Once more, and still no success. Finally he was taken back upon the raft, slapped soundly upon the head, and thrown angrily down. He immediately "made tracks" for the other end, stumbling heels over head, and looking very much ashamed of himself.

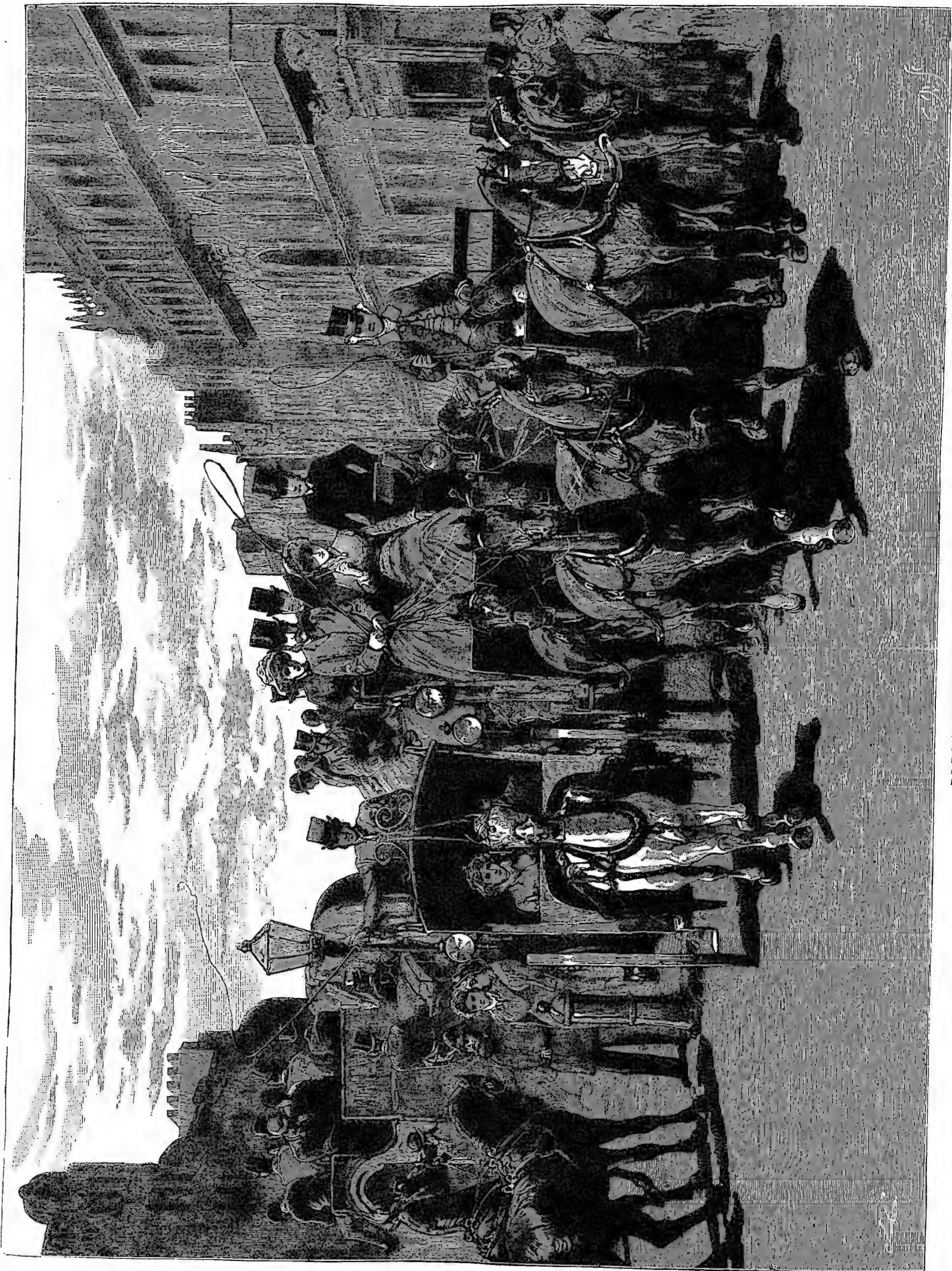
The next on turn now waddled forward; but we had seen enough, so purchasing for a few "pice" all the fish the man had, we shoved our boat off, and continued our drift with the tide.

F. W. B.

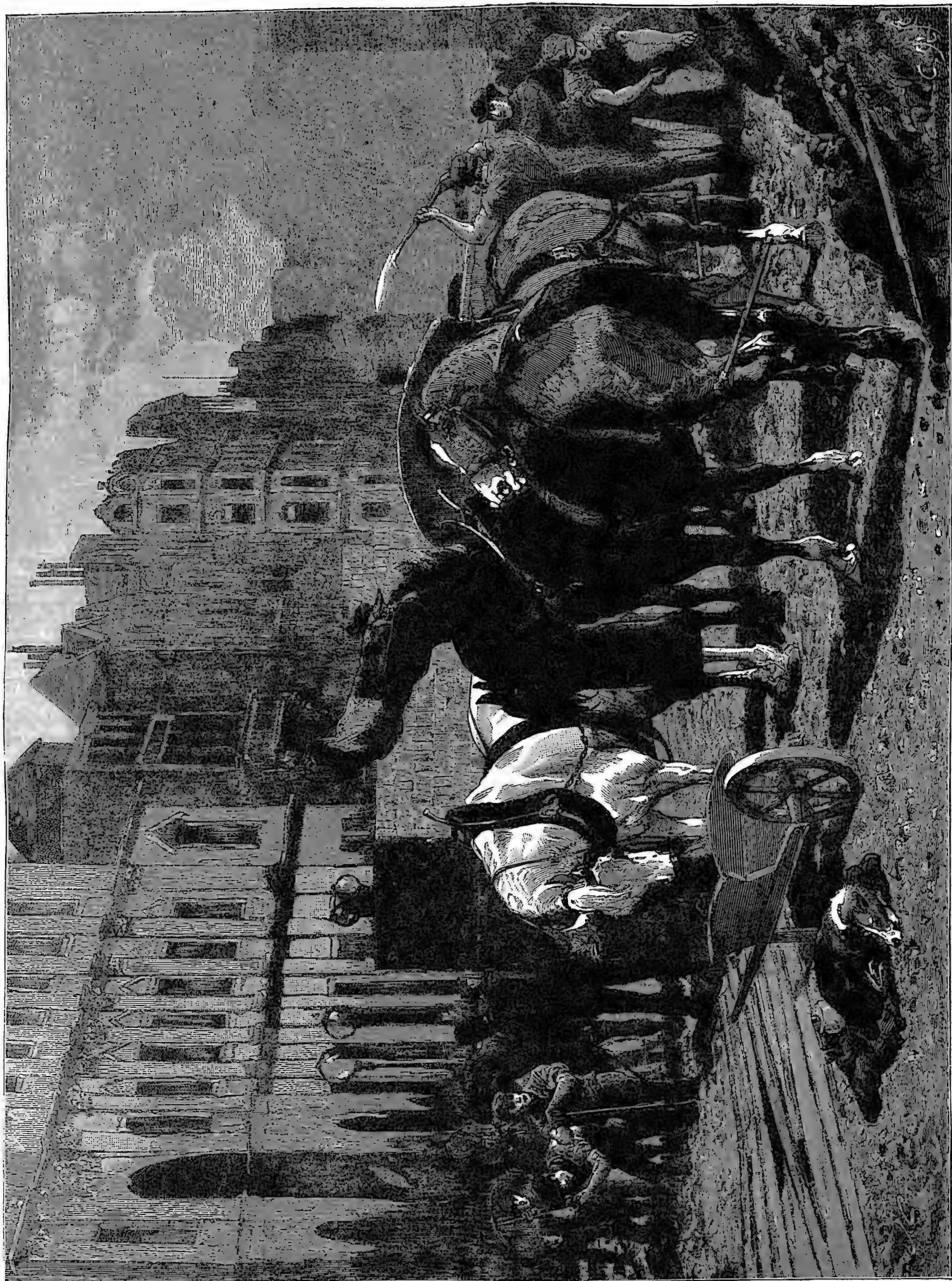
CARLYLE AND EMERSON

"THE Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834-1872" (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus), will eventually be classed among the most important of books. It is a commonplace to say that Carlyle was one of the greatest men of his century; and Emerson is up to the present time by far the most notable of the intellectual men of the New World. For years these two men were most intimate friends, and their correspondence cannot fail to have all the interest which must necessarily attach to the confidential exchanges of opinion between two of the greatest men of a period of exceptional interest. The great and obvious differences between the two men increases the value of their correspondence. Carlyle once said of John Sterling that they talked much together, and "except in opinion" disagreed but little. A deeper difference of opinion separated Carlyle from Emerson than that which existed between Carlyle and his brilliant pupil. The difference of nationality to a great extent accounts for the temperaments of Carlyle and Emerson. Carlyle was always lamenting over a society the decaying ruins of which were scattered everywhere round him; and he never did much more than lament over the past and prophesy vaguely for the future. Emerson, on the other hand, was a citizen of a Republic without a past, where nothing was decayed, where opinion was free, and convention non-existent. His writings breathe the large spirit of perfect freedom and independence; Carlyle never escaped from the din and clatter of the tumbling ruins he himself helped to pull down. In their natural temper, too, the two men were as different as in their mental environment. Carlyle, as we now all know but too well, was often morose and cynical, a prey to malignant melancholy. The pettiest inconveniences he magnified into dreadful obstacles, and the common everyday battle with unhelpful circumstances was exaggerated into a Titanic struggle with Chimæras and Apollyons. Emerson was blessed with the most even of tempers. His mildness had in it, as observers declared, something of another world. He was never angry, never uncharitable, never soured by any struggle with poverty. All through this correspondence Emerson appears as the consoler and helper; Carlyle as the sick giant turning with relief to the ministrations of his kindly saint. The friendship between Carlyle and Emerson began, as all the world now knows, with Emerson's visit to the farm at Craigenputtock, in August, 1833, where "the lonely scholar was nourishing his mighty heart." Carlyle had then never heard Emerson's name. But the great Scotchman's earliest writings, his essays on German literature, and above all, that on "Characteristics," had reached Emerson on the other side of the Atlantic, and had been by him "distinguished (as, indeed, it was very easy to do) from the mass of English periodical criticism as by far the most original and profound essays of the day—the works of a man of faith as well as intellect, sportive as well as learned, and who, belonging to the despairing and deriding class of philosophers, was not ashamed to hope and speak sincerely." So wrote Emerson in the first letter of this correspondence, a letter written to Carlyle after the return of Emerson to America. It is not difficult to detect the attitude of discipleship in Emerson's early intercourse with Carlyle. But this attitude soon became modified, and Emerson stood erect again. He began to feel that if Carlyle was great he, too, had his own ideas, and he practised his own maxim—"Plant yourself indomitably on your instincts and the huge world will come round to you." Carlyle, indeed, never came round to Emerson, though the world did, or is beginning to. A great part of the letters in Professor Charles Eliot Norton's two volumes deal with purely business transactions, printing and publishing accounts, sales of books, forwarding of packages, and so on. All this throws much curious light upon the gains of authors in the earlier part of the century, and it brings out clearly Emerson's generous, admiring, and helpful character. There can be no doubt that to his exertions was due almost all the early success of Carlyle's books in America. Carlyle, indeed, returned the favour when he wrote a preface to the English edition of Emerson's essays; but the greater debt was on Carlyle's side, and it was always thankfully acknowledged and remembered by him. The last letter is from Carlyle to Emerson, and is dated April 2, 1872. In November of that year Emerson came to England, and saw Carlyle. After that no letters passed between the two friends. "They were both old men," says Professor Norton. "Writing had become difficult to them. They were secure in each other's affection." The tone of Carlyle's letters is as melancholy, and, it must be added, sometimes as morose, as any of the writings published by Mr. Froude since Carlyle's death. But the hardness of his judgments seems softened to a great extent in these letters to Emerson. When he took up his pen to address Emerson, Carlyle's gall was usually diluted with some of the milk of human kindness. Emerson seems always to have exercised a softening influence on the rugged Scotchman. Hence these letters are the pleasantest to read of any published since Carlyle's death. And when he did pronounce any obviously unjust verdict on any living man Emerson never let it pass. Very gently but very firmly he put forward the good points of the man who had been battered by Carlyle's heavy club. Landor was undervalued in one of Carlyle's letters. In his reply Emerson supplied the praise which Carlyle had suppressed. It need scarcely be said that these letters abound in all sorts of judgments on men of the day. Here and there a name might have been suppressed. On the whole, however, Mr. Norton has performed admirably the work of editing the voluminous correspondence. The volumes contain two good etchings, one of Carlyle (showing him in his most forbidding aspect), and one of Emerson.

A PARTY ILLUSTRATING THE AGES OF MAN is shortly to be given by a San Francisco Society leader, who will thus secure not only the fame of a perfect novelty, but the heartburnings of her fair rivals on the delicate question of ladies' age. The entertainment will begin at 9 A.M. with a gathering of infants in arms, babies from one year to six being expected at ten, while children from six to twelve will come at eleven. Maidens of fifteen and youths of twenty will assemble at noon, and Mammies and Pappies will occupy the afternoon. The evening will be devoted to the chief guests, unmarried ladies from twenty to an uncertain age. By the bye, what is the limit of "an uncertain age?" The great difficulty is to find the gentlemen to match these spinsters. By the side of this curious gathering even such American notions as "Broom-Drills" for the ladies and "Banjo Parties" for both sexes seem very tame.



PICCADILLY IN THE SEASON

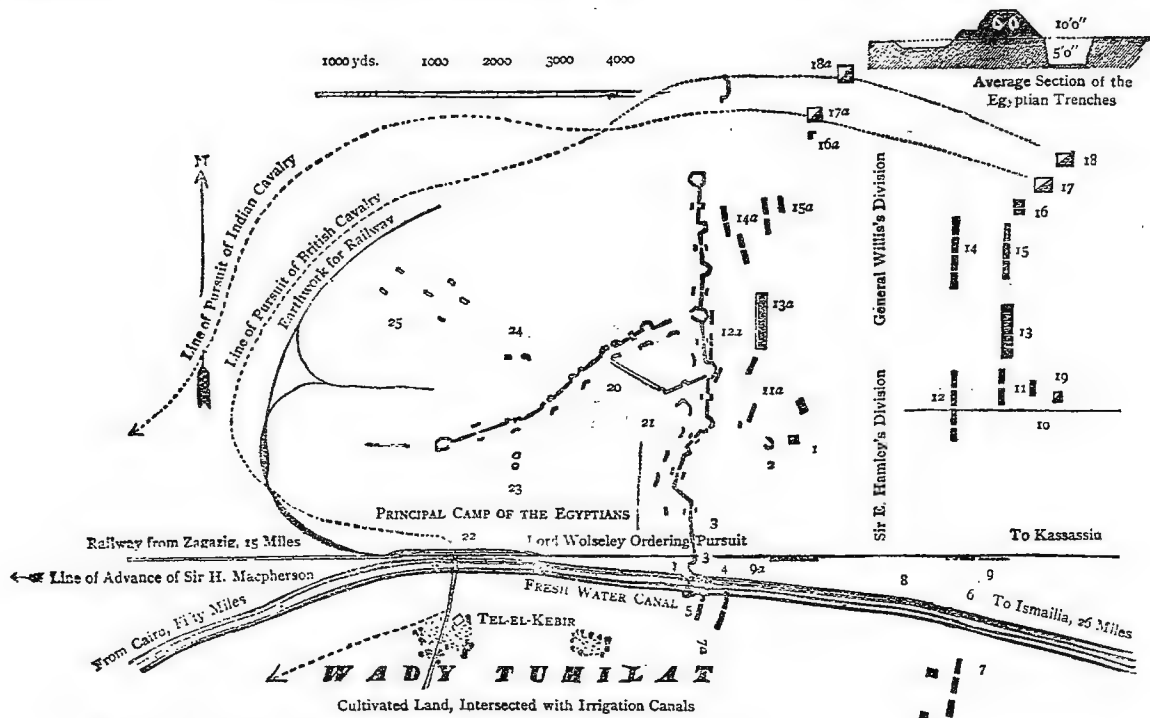


PICCADILLY OUT OF THE SEASON

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

THE annexed diagram, which is taken from a drawing by a military officer, shows the precise position of the various regiments of Lord Wolseley's army, both after their march from Kassassin and when the advance had been ordered. The general features of the battle are far too fresh in the memory of our readers to need recapitulation here, and those who are still interested in the subject will

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the last meeting of this Society's Council a large number of new members were enrolled, and full arrangements for the York Show were made. For 1885 it was arranged that it should be held in the district which includes North Wales, Cheshire, and Lancashire. An application from the Shorthorn Society for permission to hold their Annual Meeting of



Followed by a Simple Figure thus, 12, Shows Formation ordered by Lord Wolseley for March
Followed by a Figure and Letter thus, 12a, Shows Actual Positions at Moment of Attack About 5 a.m.

1. Lord Wolseley's Head Quarters Staff.—2. Advanced Redoubt.—3. Line Blocked.—4. Cavaliers.—5. Dam.—6. 17th Royal Engineers, Pontoon Train, Hospital.—7 and 7a. Major-General Sir H. Macpherson's Division (Mountain Artillery, 72nd Regiment, Native Infantry, 20th Punjab, 23rd Belooches, 7th Bengal.—8. Naval Brigade, Gatlings.—9 and 9a. 40-Pounder Naval Krupp, Royal Marine Artillery, Royal Engineers, Railway Company, Material Train, 2 Locomotives.—10. Fraser's Line of Telegraph Posts.—11 and 11a. Colonel Ashburnham (46th and 60th, Royal Marine Artillery, 19th Hussars).—12 and 12a. Major-General Sir A. Alison (74th, 70th, 75th, 42nd).—13 and 13a. Brigadier-General Goodenough (42 Guns, Royal Artillery).—14 and 14a. Major-General Graham (Royal Marines, 87th, 84th, 18th).—15 and 15a. Duke of Connaught and Guards' Brigade.—16 and 16a. Royal Horse Artillery.—17 and 17a. Major-General Wilkinson, Indian Contingent; Major-General Drury-Lowe (20th Bengal Cavalry, 6th Bengal Cavalry, 13th Bengal Lancers).—18 and 18a. Major-General Baker Russell (Household Cavalry, 4th Dragoon Guards, 7th Dragoon Guards).—19. Telegraph.—20. Shelter Trenches.—21. Egyptian Telegraph Station.—22. Railway Station and Drawbridge.—23. Arab's Tent.—24. Gun Pits.—25. Epaulments for Concealing Troops.

PLAN SHOWING THE ATTACK ON TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13, 1882, DRAWN FROM A SURVEY MADE ON THAT DAY BY A MILITARY OFFICER

be able to obtain a clear idea of the relative work undertaken by the different branches of the service. Thus, while the artillery attacked in the centre, the first lines of the infantry on both flanks scaled the redoubts, while on the right the cavalry, both British and Indian, swooped down upon the enemy's rear. On the left Sir Henry Macpherson and his Indian and Naval Brigade advanced along the line of the Canal. The plan was followed out as it had been drawn up, and with what success is now chronicled in the annals of history.

A CHINESE CHESS PARTY

THE Chinese are passionately fond of all games of skill and chance, and in particular of chess. The Chinese form of the game

Members in the York Show Yard was granted. The report of the Council of the General Meeting of Members to be held on Tuesday, May 22, having been prepared, the Council adjourned until Wednesday, June 6th.

THE BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION held their annual meeting last week, under the presidency of Sir James Caird. The accounts showed a nett loss of 50l. It was reported that arrangements had been entered into with the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society to give lectures daily at the Gainsborough Meeting in July. The Association has arranged to be represented by Professor Sheldon at the Hamburg International Show. Mr. Long, in speaking on the finances of the Association, animadverted on the fees paid to judges; and a warm discussion took place as to whether spring, summer, or autumn were the best time for the annual Show. No decision was come to in the way of varying previous custom.]



closely resembles the European method, but is usually played with flat wooden discs, with their distinctive marks written upon them. Servants begin to play the moment their master's back is turned, and men and women, boys and girls, sent on errands will stop in the street and play—much to the hindrance of their mission.

THE DISCOVERY OF A SPRING by means of the divining rod is one of those things about which every one has heard, and which is periodically discussed with more or less fervency and ardour. A case which occurred at Avonmouth last week, however, is so remarkable and so circumstantial, that we wish our space would suffice to narrate it. The experiment was made on behalf of the Avonmouth

Dock Company by Mr. W. S. Laurence, in the presence of Mr. E. Prudhoe, the Company's Mechanical Engineer. It was entirely successful, and the spring discovered by means of the divining rod is one which yields 1,000 gallons an hour.

CLYDESDALES.—A great Show of these famous agricultural horses was held at Glasgow last week. The brood mares were of very high quality, Mr. Waddell taking the first prize with a brood mare named Louisa. The three-year-old mares were a numerous and very fine show, and Mr. Waddell was again successful with his Blossom. The two-year-old fillies numbered twenty-two, and included at least ten of very excellent character. Of these the best was adjudged to be Moss Rose, the property of Mr. McCowan. The yearling fillies were a very large class, and so equal in merit that the judges had a vast amount of trouble before they felt justified in awarding first prize to Mr. Alston's Mayflower. It is rather remarkable that the prize for the best mare in the yard was not awarded to any of the above prize winners, but Mr. Drew's Queen. The colts were a good show, both of two year olds and of yearlings. The prize for the best horse in the yard was won by Mr. Drew's Prince of Avondale. The roadsters were also a good show.

LORD VERNON.—The sudden death of Lord Vernon has caused great and widespread regret not only in those social circles in which he was a favourite, but among agriculturists generally. Lord Vernon was deeply interested in agriculture, and, owning over ten thousand acres in the Western Moorlands, was one of the wisest and most liberal of landlords. His name will long be remembered with gratitude by the dairy farmers of Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Derby, and his establishment of a large butter factory at Sudbury was one of the last of his public acts. The question of tenants' compensation had been with him matter of deep and anxious consideration, and it is remarkable that he died on the very day when a Bill of his on the subject was to have been considered in the House of Lords.

LAMB.—Since the rescinding of the Royal recommendation with respect to lamb, the trade has considerably increased. The Kent Stock Markets have shown a noticeable improvement, and a good number of lambs have been already disposed of at satisfactory prices. The subject was well discussed at a large agricultural meeting at Reading, when it was resolved that to discourage the consumption of lamb would inflict serious loss on those who had arranged their farming operations for the production thereof. Mr. Webb, of Newstead Abbey, formulates a somewhat peculiar complaint. He states that he has lost 700 lambs by foot-and-mouth disease, which was brought on to the estate by a lamb having been fed by milk imported from Nottingham, and obtained from a cow which was suffering from the disease. This shows how insidious are the attacks of this terrible infection.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The cuckoo has been heard frequently during last week at Addison Road, Kensington.—The true swallow has been seen at Bradford, at Hertford, and at Clare, and may now be regarded as having regularly arrived.—The house martin was seen at Llandudno on the last day of April, and at Masham, Yorkshire, on the 1st of May.—The redstart, the winchat, and the blackcap have all arrived.—The swift has been seen at Nottingham.—A pied flycatcher was seen last week near Bury St. Edmunds.—The white-winged black tern has been observed near Basingstoke, on the river Itchen. This is one of the very few birds which observation seems to show is becoming comparatively common as a visitor, from having once been of extreme rarity.

LOUTH SHEEP FAIR last week was well attended, and nearly 11,000 long-wool sheep were penned, both quality and condition being good. There was a fair business done, at prices rather lower than had been expected, though still high. There was a good show of half-bred Southdowns; but very few lambs were on offer. Prices were about 63s. for the long wools, and 65s. to 70s. for the Southdowns.

CATTLE NOTES.—A fresh outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has occurred at Canterbury, which has been declared an uninfected area. The disease is still very virulent in Yorkshire, especially in the East Riding.—A great gathering of Galloway cattle fanciers is expected at the sale of Mr. Carruthers' pedigree herd on the 18th of May at Cleughheads farm, Lockerbie.

IN HAWTHORN-TIME

The sun within the west sank low,
The mavis trilled its vespers lay,
As, where the hawthorn blossoms grow,
We lingered on the parting day.
She plucked a branch of snowy flowers,
And on their petals pressed a kiss:
"A troth," she murmured, "sweet as ours
In time should perfect be as this!"

Those blooms I clasped with eager hand,
And robbed them of that gift divine;
My heart could urge but one command,—
That they would yield me what was mine.
I felt its sweetness on my lips,
The sweetness of that pilfered kiss:
'Oh, nought," I whispered, "could eclipse
The heart that fondly prompted this."

We parted, and may meet no more
Till grey shall gleam amid the gold;
But time will heart to heart restore,
Each filled with love so sweet of old!
Those flowers are faded and are dead,
They died when robbed of so much bliss;
But from my lips has never fled
The sweetness of that pilfered kiss!

EDWARD OXENFORD

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN AGRICULTURE is being tried in Florida, whither an enterprising bee-farmer from Missouri, has taken a car-load of hives in order that his bees may make honey during the winter. The transport of each hive costs 4s., and the expected profit is six times that sum.

LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES will soon be a reality, not a mere proverbial warning against scandal. A Transatlantic manufacturer announces that he will shortly be able to produce glass blocks as a suitable and reasonable building material. Another American "notion," sadly needed in that land of monster fires, is an "incombustible house" built entirely of iron, and reared on solid rock foundations. Outside and inside the house will be so painted as to look like wood and plaster, but not a scrap of such material will be admitted, and as much of the furniture as possible will also be iron. The inventor acknowledges that the building will cost thrice as much as an ordinary residence, but claims that it will last for centuries without repairs, and will not cost a farthing for insurance. The mantel-pieces will be of polished steel, engraved with hunting scenes, except in the library, where it will be so arranged as to resemble a mass of pig iron fused together; but the great curiosity of the house will be a cabinet containing specimens of iron, and constructed entirely of strongly magnetised iron, so that all the specimens will adhere to the back of it, held in place solely by magnetic attraction.

CARTER'S

LITERARY MACHINE
(PATENTED)



For holding a book or writing-desk, lamp, &c., in any position, over an easy chair, bed, or sofa, obviating the fatigue and inconvenience of incessant stooping while reading or writing. Invaluable to invalids and students. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful gift. PRICES From £1 1s. Illustrated Price List Post Free.

BREAKFAST IN BED CARTER'S PATENT REVOLVING BED - TABLE.

Adjustable to any height or inclination, for reading or writing. PRICES from £2 5s. Illustrated Price List Post Free.

INVALID FURNITURE.

Invalid Adjustable Couches and Beds, from £5 15s. Exercising Chairs, with Horse-Action for Indigestion, £5 5s. Carrying Chairs, £5 5s. Trapped Commodes, £2 16s. 6d. Reclining Boards, £1 5s. Leg Rests, £1 15s. Bed Rests, £1 5s. Perambulators, £1 5s. Self-propelling Chairs, £5 5s. Bed Tables, from 15s. each. Crutches, 10s. 6d. Electric Call Bells, £2 10s. Illustrated Price List Post Free.

BATH CHAIRS from £2 2s.

IRON BATH CHAIRS & CARRIAGES FOR HOT CLIMATES.

INVALID CARRIAGES
Of all kinds at low prices.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

J. CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, London, W.

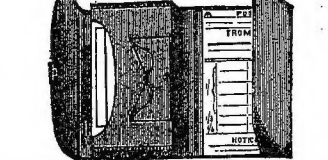
THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPH (HEARSON'S PATENT)

A self-feeding reservoir pen, writes continuously with any ink and by means of a pen with ordinary nib.



PENS TO REFILL (Fine, Medium, or Broad), 1s. PER BOX.
MAY BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET WITHOUT LEAKING AND IS READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.
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REQUIRES NO ADJUSTMENT
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Fitted with Pocket-size ANTI-STYLOGRAPH, Large and Sm. 8vo. Note Paper, Envelopes, Blotting Pad, Telegram Forms, &c.
LEATHER.....No. 774, 10s. 6d.
RUSSIA LEATHER.....No. 778, 14s. 6d.

OF ALL STATIONERS,
WHOLESALE ONLY OF
THOS. DE LA RUE & CO. LONDON.

CHAPMAN'S

ANGLO-INDIAN. SPRING NOVELTIES in NEW DRESS FABRICS.



"My Beautiful Speciality."
FIFTY-SIX COLOURINGS AND BLACK.
In 8-yard lengths, 44 inches wide, for £1, or 2s. 6d. per yard.

PLAIN SATEENS, 7 1/4 d., 9 1/4 d., 1s., 1s. 2 1/4 d.
FRENCH POMPADOIRS, 8 1/4 d., 10 1/4 d., 1s. 2 1/4 d., 1s. 3 1/4 d.

Space will not admit of entering into further detail. I must, however, draw attention to the Gingham, or Zephyrs. These most useful fabrics are exceedingly pretty this season. One specially calls for notice, a broken check, in crushed strawberry colour and white, which, to my mind, is most stylish and pretty, and with this slight allusion to the countless pretty and inexpensive dresses that are crowded before me, I must dismiss my subject.

ZEPHYRS and SCOTCH GINGHAMS, 6 1/4 d., 8 1/4 d., 10 1/4 d., 1s.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS.

CHECKED SURAHs, 1s. 9 1/4 d., 1s. 11 1/4 d., and 2s. 11 1/4 d. per yard.
PLAIN SURAHs, New Spring Colours, 3s. 9d. per yard.
OTTOMANS, New Designs, New Colours. Plain, 3s. 11 1/4 d. per yard; Broche, 5s. 6d. per yard.
SILKS.—Good Soft Grosgrains, 12 yards, 21s. Special.

CHAPMAN'S, COURT DRESSMAKER, NOTTING HILL, W.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

AND OTHER

"HOME SPECIALITIES."

As described in "PASTRY AND SWEETS," a handy little work giving numerous recipes for the Dinner and Supper Tables. This Book will be sent "POST FREE" on receipt of address.

ALFRED BIRD and SONS, Birmingham.

THE BEST LINEN-MARKER

THAT THE WORLD EVER PRODUCED.

The invention of Ming Shulah, a Japanese Chemist. It requires no heating, will not wash out, and does not burn the material. A child can use it. You can always carry it in your pocket, and use it as an ordinary pencil. It will mark five thousand garments. You may wash and rub them as hard as you wish, but you can never stir that mark. Sent free on receipt of 1s. 2d.
J. G. FOOT and SON, 101, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

James Pearsall & Co.'s Filo-Floss, Twisted Embroidery Silk, and Rope Silk, (FOR EMBROIDERING)

ARE Dyed with Eastern dye-stuffs and by Eastern methods. Every Colour is Permanent, and will bear continued Exposure to Light without fading. The greater number will also bear washing.

JAMES PEARSALL & Co., are also Manufacturers of FILSSELLES (in 700 shades), CREWEL SILKS, WASHING SILKS, KNITTING SILKS, &c., and of all Makes formerly sold by ADAMS & Co.

Their Silks may be obtained Retail from Berlin Wool dealers throughout the United Kingdom.

Wholesale only, 134, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, and the only known preventive of dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principle Wine and Spirit Merchants, and at a cost, owing to the late important reduction of duty, which brings it within the reach of nearly all classes. Sole Consignee for the United Kingdom and the Colonies.
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ROWLANDS'

ODONTO whitens the teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

MACASSAR OIL preserves and beautifies the hair, and can be also had in a golden colour. Sizes 3/6; 7/-; 10/6.

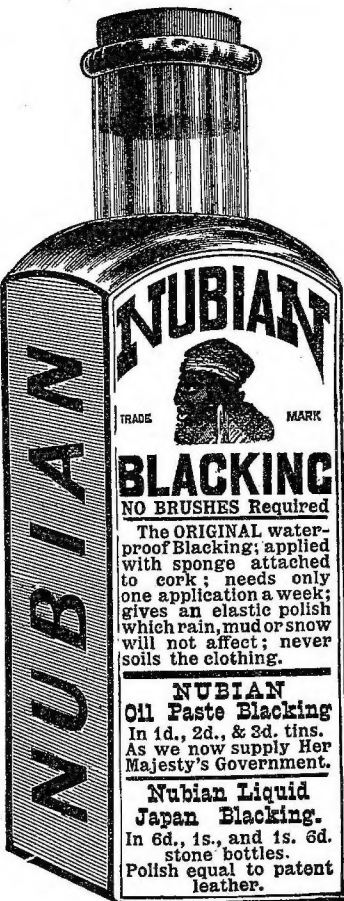
KALYDOR is a most cooling, healing, and refreshing wash for the face, hands, and arms.

EUKONIA is a beautifully pure and fragrant toilet powder. In three tints: white, rose and cream, 2/6 per box. Ask Chemists for Rowlands' articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London.

TIME AND MONEY SAVED BY USING RIPPINGILL'S PATENT OIL COOKING STOVES.

ODOURLESS, SMOKELESS, PORTABLE, SAFE, AND CLEANLY. They will roast joints or poultry, boil fish, vegetables, &c., fry chops, steaks, or bacon, bake bread or pastry, toast, heat flat irons, and in fact do the entire work of a kitchen fire, over which they have the advantage of being lit or extinguished in a moment. For domestic use and economy they are unequalled.

Three meals a day for 4 to 6 persons can be cooked for a penny. Prices from a few shillings. Write for Illustrated List and full particulars to the HOLBORN LAMP and STOVE COMPANY, 118, Holborn, London, and say where you saw this advertisement.



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NO BRUSHES Required
The ORIGINAL water-proof Blacking; applied with sponge attached to cork; needs only one application a week; gives an elastic polish which rain, mud or snow will not affect; never soils the clothing.

NUBIAN Oil Paste Blacking In 1d., 2d., & 3d. tins. As we now supply Her Majesty's Government.
Nubian Liquid Japan Blacking. In 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. stone bottles. Polish equal to patent leather.

THE COMPANY BEING MANUFACTURERS, AND SUPPLYING PURCHASERS DIRECT, NO INTERMEDIATE PROFIT IS PAID, AND THE PRICES ARE CONSIDERABLY LOWER THAN THOSE USUALLY CHARGED.

GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

SHOW ROOMS—112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. MANUFACTORY—CLERKENWELL.

JEWELLERY BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

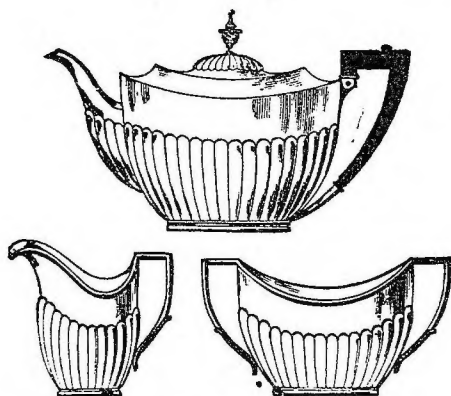
The Show Rooms contain a magnificent assortment of fine Gold BRACELETS, NECKLETS, PENDANTS, BROOCHES, &c., in New and Original Designs, an Inspection of which is invited. The Company do not publish a Catalogue of these, for, owing to the rapid sale, the stock is so constantly varying; but upon receipt of a Reference they will be happy to forward goods for selection or competition.

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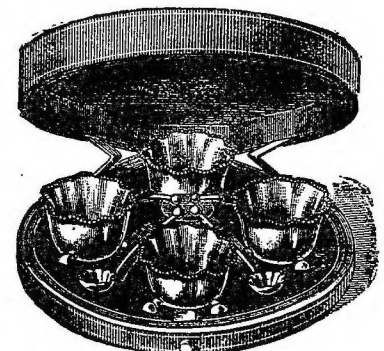
The Show Rooms contain an immense assortment of Moderate Priced Goods. The Stock is so extensive and varied that purchasers will find it to their advantage to inspect it before deciding elsewhere.

Awarded Five First-class Medals, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the highest award for Excellence.

PLAIN FIGURES. CASH PRICES. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Post Free.



Queen Anne Kettledrum Tea Service, Sterling Silver, £9 15s.



The New Breakfast Salt Cellar. Price of Four, in Sterling Silver, in best Morocco Case lined Silk Velvet, £2 13s.; Case of Six, £3 19s.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

GLYKALINE,
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, for
Curing Colds, Catarrhs, and Affections
of the Respiratory Organs.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves
Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent
in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus,
and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured
in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented
remedy in these complaints.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under
date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the
valuable property of curing cold in the head. The
man who has discovered a surer remedy for this plague
ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human
race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a
general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.
I speedily resorted to the nearest chemist, and found the 'longed-
for' remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE. The
unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testi-
mony that three drops of the Specific taken at intervals
of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of
colds. I write disinterestedly, 'desiring,' as he
says, 'only to make known the healing properties of
GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering
human race.'"

GLYKALINE is the surest and
speediest Remedy for relieving all who suffer
from obstructed breathing. In bottles, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d.,
and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists
Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE.

THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
For Curing and instantly relieving Toothache, Neu-
ralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable
specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and
Sciatica. It relieves often INSTANTANEOUSLY, and
will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted with
these disorders.

NEURALINE seldom fails to give
relief. It is in demand throughout the world.
As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly
celebrated, a single application (in many cases) perma-
nently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received
the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-
house, Island of Lewis, N. H.: "My dear Sir, I cannot
express my thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline,
it proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD
EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost
instantaneous."

NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles,
1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d. by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated
directions with each.

AUROSINE.

AN APPROVED APPLICATION FOR
Preserving the Hands, the Skin, and Lips from Rough-
ness, Chaps, &c.

AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
and Unsightliness of the Skin after exposure to
sea-air and cold. It renders the surface of the skin
perfectly smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness,
and the natural hue of health, without in any way injury-
ing the skin or impeding the pores, but, on the contrary,
AUROSINE is pleasant to use, agreeable in perfume,
colourless, and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post,
1s. 4d. each.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS for Common
Complaints, and Complete Catalogue of Homoeo-
pathic Medicines, in the latest Catalogue of the
London and Provincial Homoeopathic Practitioners, with
a Catalogue of the most useful works on Homoeopathy,
free by post on application.

ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINC-

TURE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE.
The Best Preparation for the Teeth and Gums.
This elegant and approved preparation may be used
on all occasions. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth,
prevents decay, improves and preserves the enamel,
hardens the Gums, and does not in any way injure the
teeth. It is antiseptic, and detergent. This Dentifrice is
much esteemed, and is in increasing demand. It effec-
tually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s.,
1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Post free, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

BERBERINE.

For Liver Derangement, Indigestion, and Constipation.
A new and valuable remedy for removing
Headache, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and
Nausea. It promotes healthy action in the stomach,
removes dizziness and depression, with a feeling of giddi-
ness and prostration. BERBERINE is really excel-
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while in Indigestion and constipation it stands un-
rivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and
2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

OZONISED OIL,

THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE HAIR.
By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished
and its natural appearance improved, but decay and
weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and pre-
judicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately
welcome to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as
OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens
the fibre, while merely requiring to be well brushed into
the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and
may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d.,
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ODONTALGIC ESSENCE

A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. It is
applied on wool, and hardens in the cavity. This liquid
stopping, when it hardens, protects the exposed nerve
from cold or from any foreign substance, and while
giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. This
Essence cures Toothache, and makes mastication pos-
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WORM POWDERS.

Specially prepared from Chenopodium Anthel-
minticum. These powders are suitable both for
Children and Adults. They are very effective in
expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds, which
are the pests of young children. Intestinal worms of
larger dimensions are effectually removed by these
Powders, and both adults and young children have
found speedily relief by the use of them. The appetite
and general health greatly improve, no nausea is created,
and they are in no way dangerous. Directions with each
box. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., post free.

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine.

SPECIALLY PREPARED
FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.
This reliable Specific possesses numerous important
features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system,
relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the
Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits,
and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement,
and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain-
weariness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each
bottle. 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d.,
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THE New TOILET REQUISITE.

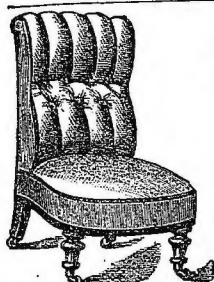
DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP.
We have succeeded in bringing this Soap to per-
fection. As a Soap there is nothing superior. It is
perfectly pure, as free as possible from soda, producing
in use a soft white creamy lather, most agreeable to
the skin, is perfectly soluble in the hardest water,
washing or shaving with it is a luxury. A single trial
will convince any one that we have said no more con-
cerning it than its excellent qualities warrant. In
Boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each, containing three cakes
each. The above articles obtainable from all Chemists
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MAPLE and CO.,**TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,****UPHOLSTERERS by appointment****TO****HER MAJESTY.**

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Acres of show rooms, for the display of first-class furni-
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day from all parts of the globe. No family ought to
furnish before viewing this collection of household
requisites, it being one of the sights in London. To
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Having large space all goods are packed on the pre-
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MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of**BED-ROOM SUITES by****MACHINERY.****500 BEDROOM SUITES, from****3 1/2 guineas to 200 guineas.****BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine,****5 1/2 Guineas.****BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid****Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand****fitted with Minton's Tiles, £9 5s.****BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid****Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand****fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers,****£14 14s.****BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash****or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe,****Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of****Drawers, £18 18s.****BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid****Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.****BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippendale,****Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs;****large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly****inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85****to 200 Guineas.****ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE****free. The largest furnishing establishment in the****world.****MAPLE and CO.****THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT****OF****BEDSTEADS.****BEDSTEADS.****TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS****in Stock to select from.****MAPLE and CO.—Bedsteads in****Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture****and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed, in****stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass****bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 6d. to****30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads****3 1/2 guineas. Bedding of every description manufac-
tured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The
trade supplied.****BEDDING. BEDDING.****SPRING MATTRESSES.—The****Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have****made such advantageous arrangements that we are****enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring****Mattresses at the following low prices:****3 ft. 3 ft. 6 in. 4 ft. 4 ft. 6 in. 5 ft.****25s. 25s. 25s. 25s. 25s. 25s.****MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS.****TURKEY CARPETS,****TURKEY CARPETS.****THE LARGEST STOCK of****ORIENTAL CARPETS IN****EUROPE.****ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS.—****500 of these in stock, some being really****wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art****collectors, especially when it is considered what great****value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which****are sold at commercial prices.****MAPLE and CO. have just received****ex S.S. Algerian, via Liverpool, 81 bales of****fine and extra quality PERSIAN CARPETS. Many of****these are sizes that have been scarce for some time.****—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road, London.****MAPLE and CO. 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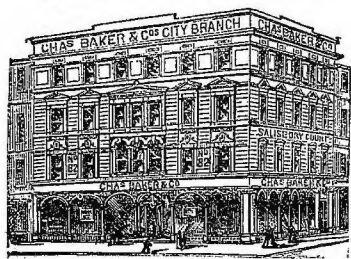
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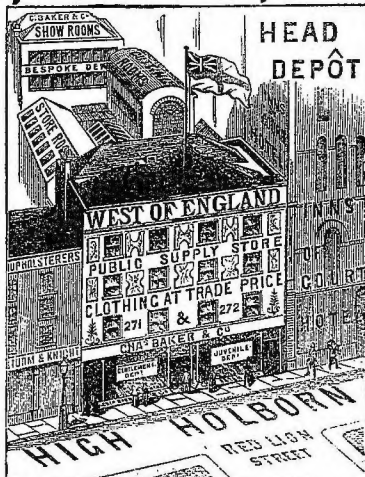
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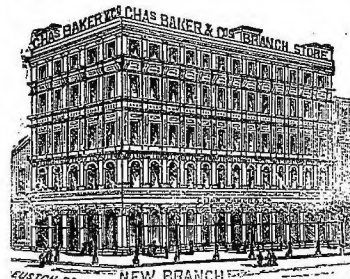
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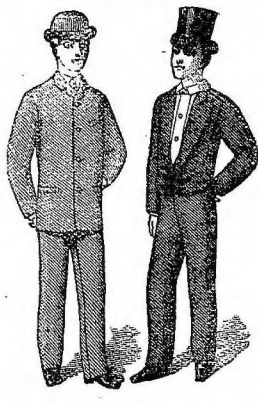
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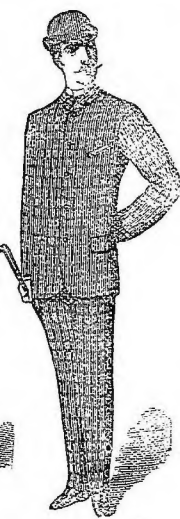
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